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MODERN CULTURE

September, 1901

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GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN

THE LETHE MYSTERY—III
MARION HARLAND

ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY
FREDERICK AUSTIN OGG

IMPRESSIONS OF PUERTO RICO (Illus.)
GRACE ETHELWYN BROWNE

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES
SIGNOR H. B. FABIANI

DISMANTLING THE WOODS
ORLANDO J. STEVENSON

AFTER THE STRIKE
WILLIAM W. HUDSON

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VOL. XIV SEPTEMBER, 1901 NO. 1

The Spirit of the Storm.

On the fleetings of the storm there was
borne a ghostly form,
The wraith of the rolling sea.
I could hear his laughter ring 'mid the
roaring surge's swing
While this song he sang to me:

"Oh, the billows as they roll are the
chariot of my soul
So careless and fancy free;
And the thunders as they peal are attuned to the reel
That I dance right giddily.

"For my drum is in the cloud and my
harp it is the shroud,
And my zither's in the air;
While the fury of the storm is the deep
bass of my shawm
Uniting in concert rare.

"The reverberating roar of the breakers
on the shore
And the cadence of the sea,
To the booming of the sail as it ribbons
in the gale
Are music alike to me.

"How the combing crested waves as
they doom men to their graves
Re-echo my playful glee!
For the ever changing grace of the
waters as they race
Is fairest of sights to me.

"While the angry squalls that play in
their ocean-thrashing spray
Are heralds of mystery.
The fore-mast as it crashes betwixt the
lightning's flashes
Resounds to my witchery.

"Oh, but ye have naught to fear:
though the gloomy night be drear,
Ye may calm your hearts so sore;
For the dawn will see me sleep in the
quiet of the deep
When my wilful fit is o'er."

Cleveland. —Edward Johnstone.

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LOOKING WEST IN GALLERY G.

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THE ART OF A HEMISPHERE.

IN a former article an attempt was made to present a selected few of the paintings in the galleries of the Fine Arts at the Pan-American Exposition, for the benefit of the casual visitor with limited time. It was, necessarily, an inadequate survey of the treasures there exhibited and very far from satisfying to the student of human achievement who would view all things thoroughly and systematically.

Elsewhere the art of the West has been placed beside that of the older civilizations, and has stood the test. We have an art that is worthy of the name. That now stands as an undisputed fact. The aim of the present exposition has been to set forth as complete a display of that art as possible. Those who had in charge the Fine Arts department proceeded upon generous lines, and the modest, low, brick structure which was put up to take the place temporarily of the unfinished marble gallery presented by Mr. Albright to the city of Buffalo, has afforded space for a more comprehensive exhibit of the various schools and phases of American art than has been possible at any other exposition.

In gathering together the sculpture and paintings, Mr. William A. Coffin, the director, adopted an original and what seems to have been a wise plan. The usual method of submitting all works of art to a jury, the fairest, probably, for annual and local exhibitions, was in this case done away with. Many painters refuse to send their works before a jury, others are indifferent or neglectful, and juries, however carefully made up, are apt to lean towards one or another style of work. Invitations were given therefore to the members of all the leading art societies to send in, each man, a list of the pictures which he personally considered his best. Then after careful proportioning of the space at his disposal, the director chose from these lists as many as possible of the works suggested. Finally, lest any artist of merit, not a member of some society, had been overlooked or omitted, an opportunity was given to anyone who wished, to send his work before a jury appointed for that purpose. By this means a representation has been secured of all sects and schools. However much at variance they may be with one another, they are here placed side by side. One visitor to the galleries will find pleasure in viewing the work of a certain set of painters, and wonder, perhaps, why those of another school were admitted, while the very pictures upon which he frowned will be the ones to appeal strongly to the taste of the man or woman beside him. This is as it should be. While it is right and proper for any society or club of artists to make up an exhibition which shall present the ideals for which that association stands, and exclude any or all others, in an exposition of the art of a country, a hemisphere, or the world, every school should be represented by the best that it can offer, and the public thus be given an opportunity to compare them and make its own decision as to their respective merits.

Such a comparison of the work of different men and schools has been made easier by the method of hanging adopted, that of the "group system," by which each man's pictures are hung, as far as possible, together. This grouping of the pictures adds much to one's pleasure in studying them, and it is unfortunate that it sometimes causes a sacrifice of harmony in the general effect of the galleries. Those who saw the restful, harmonious, beautiful rooms of the American section at the late Paris Exposition, remember them with regret when entering these galleries, where the unavoidable glare and heat on a sunny day seems intensified by the crude, ugly red of the wall coverings, and in some instances by the unpleasant juxtaposition of pictures. It is a pity that the color scheme of the vestibule, a cool, reposeful green, was not carried out in the rest of the building.

This vestibule is delightfully hung and well serves the purpose for which such a room is designed, a place in which to

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pause and take breath before entering upon the serious survey of the galleries beyond, and also giving a tempting foretaste of what those galleries contain. The paintings and pieces of sculpture placed here are decorative and ornamental in character and are hung with due regard to balance and proportion. On either side of the entrance are portraits in low relief by Augustus St. Gaudens, one of two young children, and the other of Robert Louis Stevenson, which, cast in bronze, is to be placed in a memorial to the poet in Edinburgh. Few sculptors have handled so well as Mr. St. Gaudens this art of low relief, which forms a sort of connecting link between sculpture and painting. His tender modelling seems almost to suggest color in the one-toned plaster. Two figures by Daniel C. French, one representing Architecture and the other Painting and Sculpture, stand on either side of the door leading into the Sculpture Court. These figures in bronze occupy niches in the memorial to Richard Hunt, the architect, which was erected recently on the east side of Central Park by his fellow members of the artistic professions.

Among the few paintings in the vestibule may be mentioned especially Edwin H. Blashfield's well-known "Angel with the Flaming Sword." The subdued and rather somber color adds to the strength and dignity of the figure of the Angel, who stands as the calm, powerful executer of Justice, looking straight forward with inscrutable eyes, in which shines no light of pity or mercy, but a stern, steadfast adherence to duty. Another wall-panel is occupied by Robert Reid's "Moon-rise," a canvas full of lovely opalescent color. A female figure floats upward above pale purple iris blooms and against decorative masses of dogwood blossoms. The flowers, the figure, and the rising moon are tinged with faintest pink from the fading sunset light, which mingles with on-coming pearly shades of night. Two large landscapes hang also in the vestibule, Mr. Coffin's "At Break of Day," in cool, quiet greens, and Charles H. Davis's "Summer Clouds." The masterly rendering of perspective in the far-reaching hills and receding masses of lavender shadowed clouds in this latter picture makes one almost forget the limitations of canvas and frame in a feeling of standing in the open.

The various galleries have been hung as far as possible according to schools or styles of art, three rooms on the right being largely devoted to the American painters resident in England, France, and Italy; one on the left to the early landscape school, if school it may be called when each man's work is totally different from that of every other; one long gallery and several smaller ones present a splendid array of the best work of the younger men; the impressionists, so called, are hung at one end of the long gallery, and in an adjoining smaller one; the works of the older Academicians are gathered together, and of course the water colors occupy one room, the black and whites another, while the architectural photographs and miniatures are hung in alcoves and on the walls of the Sculpture Court. An invitation was sent out to the various South American republics to send in art exhibits, but none of the foreign states responded except Canada, to whom one gallery is exclusively devoted, and Peru, which has sent five pictures by Albert Lynch, a native of that country, who resides in Paris, and whose work is as Parisian in style and sentiment as that of any Frenchman. In the Canadian exhibit, which is rather disappointing in its lack of a national or individual character, one notes as somewhat above the general average a small decorative panel entitled "Summer," by G. A. Reid, "Workers in the Fields," by F. S. Challener, "Poppy Fields," by Edmund Morris, "Girl Knitting," by Laura Muntz, and some water colors of the Western Rockies by F. M. Bell-Smith, Robert F. Gagen, and M. Mathews.

Although the galleries are lettered in order, beginning at the right of the vestibule, a better understanding of the development of our art and of its highest achievements can be obtained by turning to the left and entering first what is sometimes called the "Inness room," since here is hung a splendid group of seven landscapes by the late George Inness. Grouped with his are pictures by others of that small set of men who were the first to give to American art a national imprint. There has been no such fine group of "Innesses" at any previous ex-

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position. He was a man of many moods, and therefore uneven in his work, but he is represented here by examples of his best, the four loaned by Mr. Ellsworth, of Chicago, being particularly good. One realizes the breadth and wide variation of his work when coming to it after a survey of the work of some of the younger landscape men, who in so many instances confine themselves to narrow lines of observation and limit their sympathies to one or two moods of nature Mr. Inness loved nature in every mood,—in the tender delicacy of spring, the luxuriance of mid-summer, and the glory of autumn. He reveled, too, in color, in the lush green of meadows and the splendor of sunsets. He is a master who will be more and more appreciated and reverenced with the passing of time. Westchester Hills," by Homer D. Martin, a contemporary of Inness, is a picture remarkable for its feeling of largeness and space. There are also of the earlier school, three canvases by A. H. Wyant and one by Ralph A. Blakelock.

Of men now living there is here a characteristic "Moonlight", by Robert C. Minor, an attractive group by Hervey W. Ranger, and George H. Bogert's "Sea and Rain," the best picture he has yet produced. There are few figure pictures in the room, the two by John La Farge being the most interesting. "The Visit of Christ to Nicodemus" is a picture with much of the richness of color of a stained glass window, in the glowing reds and blues and purples so often seen in Mr. La Farge's pictures. A. P. Ryder is a painter of ideal works held much in estimation by certain collectors who have a fancy for the weird and uncanny, but whose pictures are too curious in subject and style of painting to appeal to more than a limited circle. His "Siegfried" has less of the unpleasant qualities and more ideality than his strange picture of Jonah, which hangs in another gallery. Three young landscape men, whose works are hung in this room, are W. Elmer Schofield, whose beautiful low-toned landscapes have won prizes in several recent exhibitions; Edward F. Rook, whose "Pearl Clouds, Moonlight"

CORNER OF VESTIBULE.

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received the Temple Gold Medal at Philadelphia a few years ago, and Charles Rollo Peters, a Californian artist who has several charming and original pictures, mostly moonlight effects, scattered through the galleries. His "Abandoned Corral" and "Mission of San Antonio de Padua" are especially interesting.

The adjoining gallery is quite as much given over to figure composition as the first is to landscape work. As exceptions may be noted two landscapes by Walter Clark, delicious in color, as are all his paintings, and a marine "The Kelp Gatherers," by Frederick W. Kost, so true in color and values that one feels the fresh

another gold medal at the Paris Exposition. It is a fine, solid piece of painting, and well deserves all the honors it has received. Even more attractive in some ways is her charming "Sita and Sarita," a portrait of a slender, black-haired young woman, dressed in white, upon whose shoulder perches a small black cat. The color is particularly delightful, the lavender shadows of the white blending and harmonizing with the purplish quality of the black and the transparency of the flesh tints. There are other good portraits by Wilton Lockwood, Edmund C. Tarbell, and H. Siddons Mowbray.

The long gallery into which the visitor

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NORTHEAST CORNER OF GALLERY C.

crispness in the air that blows straight in from the sea. Conspicuous in this room are the Shaw Fund prize pictures, nine in number. Several other pictures which have taken prizes find places here also, among them Cecilia Beaux's portrait of a "Mother and Daughter," which took a first prize at the Carnegie Institute, the Temple Gold Medal at Philadelphia, and

next passes contains probably the cream of the Exposition. There are other pictures quite as fine as any in this room scattered through the other galleries, but they are mingled with some which bring the average down. Here almost everything is far above the average, as can be readily imagined when it is stated that on one wall are grouped together nine land-

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scapes by Dwight W. Tryon and nine figures by Thomas W. Dewing. This group of itself would give character to the room, but here also are two pictures by Abbott H. Thayer, a "Mother and Child" and two smaller canvases by George De Forest Brush, a group of nine by J. Alden Weir, seven by Childe Hassam, five of Horatio Walker's Canadian farm scenes, four landscapes by Bruce Crane, five portraits by William M. Chase, and four night views on the Seine by Edward W. Redfield. Surely this is a room of rooms!

Almost the only blot upon its beauty is the huge picture by Thomas Moran of the Shoshone Falls in Idaho. It is right that Mr. Moran should be represented in the Exposition by one of his pictures of western scenery, which he has been daring enough to attempt. Would that others of our landscape men who are better equipped for the task would follow his example! But his color is so cold and unpleasant, and the light effects so totally false to nature that we cannot help wishing the canvas had been hung in some room with other pictures more like it in character. It is only fair to say, however, that it is the most generally admired picture in the gallery, and one of the most popular in the Exposition.

From the groups by Hassam, Weir, Reid, and eleven by J. H. Twachtman in an adjoining room, a very good idea may be obtained of the development of impressionism in this country. Although disciples of Monet, the great French apostle of light, these men are original painters and have developed their own ideas quite independently of the French school of impressionism. While the French, ever searching after new ideas, have long since dropped the fad of ultra-impressionism, the truths which were advanced by the impressionistic school have influenced art for all time, and men like Weir, Hassam, and Twachtman stand firm for those truths, sincere in their convictions and not to be turned aside by the later fad for tonal painting which has come with the backward swing of the pendulum of art.

It is hard to define to the uninitiated

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LOOKING SOUTH IN LARGE WEST GALLERY. (I.)

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what is meant by this term "tonal." When Japan was first opened to the West, the great Whistler was a young man. Posesssed of unusual powers of discrimination he perceived at once the beauties in Japanese art. With a keen, natural perception for values, the relations of shades and tones, and influenced by the extraordinary qualities of decoration in Japanese art, he began to produce that matchless series of "symphonies" and "nocturnes," which were for long the ridicule and scorn of the art world, but which, with the turning of the tide, are now on the topmost crest of favor. Though Whistler himself never confined his tonal studies to any one key, either light or dark, some of his followers, going to the extreme, have reduced their schemes of color to lower and lower tones, rejoicing when, like Alfred H. Maurer, in his picture entitled "A White Door," they are able to use paint which when mixed on the palette is a greenish brown, but which tells the story of white when placed on the canvas with surrounding tones. It is these extremists who have given the name to the school, and the meaning of the word "tonal" has been narrowed down to apply only to pictures which are dark or low in tone. The Exposition is rich in works of this character, in landscape as well as in figure. To be especially noted is a group of landscapes by Henry Golden Dearth, which are interesting not only as studies in tone, but for their strong decorative feeling. This is another influence that may be traced to Japanese art and which has been strengthened by the advances made in the purely decorative art of mural painting. This quality of decoration has pervaded all branches of art and is felt in the work of men of widely differing schools, but is noticeably strongest in the work of the best draughtsmen in any school. It is a quality almost wholly lacking in the work of the early landscape painters, and is still lacking in the work of men who have not availed themselves of the advantages for the study of drawing afforded by the schools, men who rather arrogantly call themselves "self-taught," a class which grows fewer in number as time goes on.

Very rich and beautiful in color are a number of small ideal pictures by Frederick Ballard Williams. "The Place of the Mothers," by Arthur W. Davies, is a small picture not surpassed by anything in the exhibition in its fine color and decorative composition, nor is there anything stronger or more truthful in the way of marine painting than Charles H. Woodbury's picture, "The Ground Swell." "Boston Common in Winter" and "A Frozen Pool at Simsbury, Conn," by Birge Harrison, stand quite alone in their truthful and beautiful rendering of ice and snow. Leonard Ochtman's painting of "A Lonely Road" transports one into the midst of the scene he portrays, and the quiet peace and charm of autumn falls with a hush upon the spirit. Sergeant Kendall, one of our strongest young figure painters, is well represented in "The End of the Day," a picture of a mother with her head bent low over the weary little one on her lap.

The galleries to the right of the Sculpture Court have been given up largely to the work of the Franco- and Anglo-Americans. On our way thither it is necessary to pass through a small gallery in which hang several pictures by J. G. Brown and two or three similar painters, pictures that hold the same place in the art of painting that such plays as "The Old Homestead" hold in dramatic art. They tell a story with photographic attention to the smallest details, but are lacking in every one of the artistic qualities, such as color, values, tonality, subtle drawing and decorative composition. They have not one claim upon the attention of the student of art, except perhaps as curiosities, and yet this little gallery is the most popular one in the building. From the opening to the close this room is crowded. People who have passed silently before the splendid group of Tryons and Dewings, unable to understand their subtle beauty, settle down in this room with long-drawn sighs of content, and in a solid bank six or eight rows deep they give voice to their satisfaction in exclamations many and loud. They all have seen the dear old lady who sits piecing a quilt, they can almost taste the piece of apple pie on the table, and as for the group of shining, smug-faced bootblacks, words are inadequate to express their "cuteness."

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It is refreshing after this to enter the room where, opposite Edwin Abbey's "Penance of Eleanor" hangs John S. Sargent's fine group of four portraits and two Venetian sketches. The quality of life and movement which characterizes all his work is especially marked in the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps-Stokes, who seem about to step forth from the frame and to open their lips in speech, and in a negative way in the portrait of the young son of Augustus St. Gaudens, who in every line of his relaxed pose shows the boyish distaste for sitting before the painter's easel.

ing in control the affairs of a nation, but the thinker, the student, sitting in the quiet atmosphere of the library with an open book in his hand. A little canvas entitled "The Moth," by Guy Rose, another European resident, is worthy of mention, though placed so high as to be almost overlooked. The abandon and despair in the slender, girlish, nude figure lying prostrate on the hearth rug, tells most delicately and expressively the pitiful story of the glamour of the fire and singed and broken wings.

Among pictures in this gallery by men living on this side the water, is a group

DOORWAY IN LARGE WEST GALLERY. (I.)

J. J. Shannon's portrait, "Miss Kitty," is a charming presentation of a little maiden in riding costume. The loveliness of childhood is in the delicate flesh texture of the face and the innocent blue eyes, while the very attitude of the little dog in the corner speaks of a dumb animal heart bursting with devotion for his little mistress. Beside this picture hangs J. McLure Hamilton's portrait of "Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street," painted in quiet grays, browns, and dull reds and presenting, not the great statesman hold-

of delightfully tender landscapes by W. L. Lathrop, a painter who discerns more color in a weather-stained barn or a deserted field in winter than most of us see in the most vivid sunsets.

The next gallery is one of the most interesting in the exhibition, containing three beautiful marines by Alexander Harrison, a group of decorative figure compositions by J. W. Alexander, six of Elihu Vedder's pictures, rather lacking in color, but mystic and ideal in subject and seven canvases by J. MacNeil Whis-

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LOOKING NORTH IN LARGE EAST GALLERY. (D.)

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tler. The "Nocturne-Bognor" is one of his subtle color mysteries in which blue is purple and purple, blue and both are green, and the tint of the smoky cloud across the sky is felt in all, harmonizing and drawing them together into a wonderful symphony As an excuse for this color harmony he has chosen the simple subject of several fishing boats out from the shore, some scarcely seen bathers at the water's edge and a light or two, gleaming accent marks in the color scheme.

The long gallery on this side of the building is far from being as beautiful as the opposite one, the principal places being occupied by large, uninteresting pictures which look as if they were painted on so large a scale merely to attract attention and not from anything inherent in their subjects. Most of them would be better if much smaller. An exception to this, however, is Louis Loeb's "Temple of the Winds," which from its very subject required space. Besides fine color he has succeeded in introducing into his picture a large feeling of movement which corresponds to the size of the canvas. If the Franco-Americans, who are the authors of most of these large paintings, wish to hold the supremacy in American art which they claim for themselves they must do it with other qualities than that of size.

There are many delightful pictures in these galleries which it is impossible to mention in detail, nor can an extended description be given of the sculpture. Many of the finest works in that department were exhibited at the Paris Exposition and were mentioned in a former paper.

Painting in water color, which was for long the medium for sketching and amateur work, has become a serious art in the hands of such searchers after truth and subtle effects as Horatio Walker, Henry B. Snell, Albert Herter, Arthur I. Kellar, Albert Sterner, and Louis Loeb, and any time spent in the water color room will amply repay one. The same is true of the exhibits of miniatures, black and white illustration, etchings, and engravings. Two beautiful groups of original sketches for colored magazine illustrations are by Howard Pyle and F. V. DuMond, the one illustrating "The Pilgrimage of Truth" and the other being decorations for Milton's "Ode to the Nativity."

An excellent idea of recent achievements in architecture can be obtained from the fine collection of photographs of churches, universities, libraries, business buildings, and private dwellings, which is displayed on the walls of the sculpture court.

This exhibition is by far the best and most complete that has ever been made of American art, before which lies a glorious future. There is a wealth of subject for both landscape and figure men, as yet untouched. This art of ours, born at home, strengthened in technical qualities by a sojourn across the waters, has at last returned. After pausing to take breath upon our eastern shores, it is already lifting its eyes and gazing forth upon its domains. To the north and south and west it beholds golden opportunities and vast, untried resources. It is fair to prophesy that with such visions before its eyes it will never again turn its face eastward, but will be in truth, more and more, the art of the Western Hemisphere.

GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN.

New York.

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IRA REMSEN.

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IRA REMSEN, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

VERY few college or university presidents have been called from the scientific laboratories of their own institution, for it has generally been that the man who was especially equipped and adapted to carry on scientific research of a high order has lacked those qualifications of executive skill and affability which are necessary in adjusting the internal life of the university, in securing the proper appreciation of its life-product on the part of the general public, and in attracting the aid of those who can furnish the financial support necessary to the achievement of the high purposes of university education in this country. In furnishing the standard for these high purposes no institution has done more than the Johns Hopkins University, and within that institution itself no single man has done more to carry to fruition the germinal ideal that was in the mind of President Gilman when the University was founded, than Professor Ira Remsen, head of the department of chemical research, who has just been elected to continue the great work which has already been accomplished under Dr. Gilman, and which has attracted the admiration of scholars at home and also abroad. Dr. Remsen will be more successful in holding the Hopkins standard up to its former traditions than any other person mentioned in connection with the position to which he has been called. Bred in the same school of educational thinking as the retiring president, he will doubtless guide the university into a new era, in which it will emerge from the difficulties that have surrounded it for some time past and enter upon a period of increased strength and usefulness. The involved finances of the institution had rendered the choice of an executive head of more than usual moment, and it is gratifying that even in such a crisis the trustees of the university refused to yield to the modern and mistaken tendency of prostituting the precious jewels of scholastic spirit to commercial need. In thus preserving the very soul of educational motive, they have shown the true faith that the grosser elements necessary to continued efficiency will be supplied.

Dr. Remsen's executive ability was fully attested in the excellent manner in which he directed the affairs of the University during the sometimes protracted absences of President Gilman, as when the latter was abroad a year ago on leave of absence commemorating his twenty-five years of arduous labor. He has also served as secretary of the academic council for many years. He has ever been foremost in the discharge of his duties as a citizen and has rendered notable service as a member of the board of the Bayview Asylum near Baltimore. Dr. Remsen will be inaugurated as President on February twenty-second, 1902, at which time the regular twenty-sixth anniversary exercises will also be held.

As a scholar and leader in original research in the realm of pure chemistry, Dr. Remsen has no equal in America, yet he possesses that strong individuality and executive ability which are needed to perfect the training of intellectual pioneers. There is in him the delight in pure mental achievement that has marked all students of the greater German universities. Under Liebig of Munich and Woehler of Goettingen, he not only received this invaluable training in transcendental chemistry, but he absorbed from these scholars a righteous pride in pure scholarship itself as distinguished from material advantages. While ever appreciating the full value of the latter, he has shown throughout all his work the supremacy of pure thought.

Dr. Remsen was born in New York City in 1846, and received the degree of bachelor of arts at the age of nineteen, at the College of the City of New York.

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In 1867, he was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1870, after three years of study in the universities of Munich and Goettingen, he received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the latter institution. During the next two years he was assistant in chemistry to Professor Fittig, at the University of Tübingen. While in Germany Dr. Remsen was an active participant in all the activities about him, and in company with Dr. Renouf, now Collegiate Professor of Chemistry at Johns Hopkins, he made many perilous excursions in the mountains of Southern Germany. In 1872 he returned to this country and was made Professor of Chemistry in Williams College, where he remained till called to the head of the chemical department at the opening of the Johns Hopkins in 1876.

At the time of the founding of the Johns Hopkins University there was not in this country an institution that had for its *chief aim* the advancement of *original research of a high order* in the sciences, history, and philology; and the task which President Gilman set before him in establishing such an institution would have been beyond solution had it not been for the personality and high scholarship of the first six men who were called to aid him in his great work. The first two were Professor J. J. Sylvester, whose fame as a mathematician needs no corroboration here, and Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, whose renown as a Greek scholar is known the world over. Only a little later Professor Remsen, together with Professors Henry A. Rowland, Henry Newell Martin, and Dr. Morris, the Latin scholar, was called to help in developing among the promising young men of the country a strenuous devotion to high scholastic aims which was to become a self-perpetuating tradition. Only two of these six survive, Professors Gildersleeve and Remsen. Surely the history of the institution has shown that the true university is not a collection of buildings, laboratories, or libraries, however well equipped, but a group of masterful minds, inspiring personalities, with the lofty aims of those who ever seek with unabating zeal the way of truth. The Johns Hopkins has been in the deepest sense the outgrowth of the personalities of this small group gathered together at the beginning, the just outcome of bringing young aspirants after truth into touch with such men as Professor Remsen and his coadjutors.

Dr. Remsen delivered his first lecture in this new field in May, 1877, in a small room now used as a storeroom. Under his direction, however, the chemical department developed rapidly, a finely appointed laboratory for research being built in 1882, which, though partly destroyed by fire in December, 1899, is now even better suited for the work than before. While Professor Remsen is one of the best class lecturers at Hopkins, and has until very recently made it his delight to lead even the freshmen of the collegiate department into the mysteries of the material world about us, yet the chief instruction in every course has always been that given in the laboratory; and it has been through his personal interest in the researches of the young men under him that Professor Remsen has contributed so much toward maintaining and increasing the high reputation of Hopkins graduates in this country and Europe.

Over one hundred men have been granted the degree of doctor of philosophy in chemistry during the twenty-five years of the University, besides many more who have pursued advanced work without seeking a degree. These men have gone out all over this country and even in foreign lands, and through them Professor Remsen in duplicating his spirit has done more to advance the cause of pure chemistry than perhaps any other American scientist. For Dr. Remsen's personality is such that he captures not only the minds of his disciples, but their hearts as well. Prominent among those who have gone out from under his tuition are: Professors H. N. Stokes and Felix Lengfeld, of the University of Chicago; Professor A. Van Epps Young, of Northwestern University; Professor E. H. Keiser, of Washington University, St. Louis; Professor Orndorff, of Cornell: Professor H. C. Jones, of Johns Hopkins; C. W. Moulton, of Vassar; W. A.

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Noyes, of Rose Polytechnic Institute; Mitsura Kuhara, Director Middle School, Tokyo, Japan; Professors Kohler and D. Horn of Bryn Mawr; Dr. Wm. M. Burton, Superintendent Standard Oil Company, Whiting, Indiana; Dr. G. W. Gray, Chief Chemist, Dr. Humphreys, Chemist, under Dr. Burton, and Dr. W. App Jones, Chemist to Richards and Company, New York.

The last few names in this list show in a striking way how potent a factor in the field of applied chemistry Dr. Remsen has been, even though his own work has lain entirely in the field of pure chemistry. Professor Remsen has always held that for successful work in applied chemistry a thorough training in the broad field of the pure science was a necessity, and consequently those who desired short courses in special branches of chemistry have been discouraged from coming to his laboratory. How fundamentally correct this view has been is shown clearly by the testimony of the chemists in charge of the chemical laboratories of two great corporations in this country, The Pennsylvania Railroad and The Standard Oil Company.

Dr. Wm. M. Burton, the head of that immense plant just outside Chicago, at Whiting, Indiana, writes:

> While I was Dr. Remsen's pupil in Baltimore, I had no intention of entering the field of applied chemistry; and when the opportunity to do so presented itself, I thought perhaps the purely scientific training at Johns Hopkins University would not be entirely suitable. But when I asked Prof. Remsen for his advice in the matter, he urged me to take the step, saying that he was confident that purely scientific training would be the best foundation for work in the field of technical chemistry. I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that I have found his views correct, and that the training I received in the Johns Hopkins laboratory, under his guidance, has been of inestimable value in my work.
>
> I have had personal experience in employing chemists who were trained in so-called technical schools; and, without an exception, have found them inferior in capacity to men who have received training along purely scientific lines.

Moreover, Dr. Charles B. Dudley, Chief Chemist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in charge of the most scientific laboratory in this country outside of a university, adds the following testimony to the same effect:

> So far as an experience of over twenty-five years in the realm of applied chemistry enables us to judge, the chemist who would be successful must, as a preliminary requisite, be thoroughly well grounded in the principles of the science. And in order to get these principles most successfully, it seems to us beyond question that it is better, we almost might say essential, to devote a period of time to studies in pure chemistry, unbiased by any consideration, except a desire for the truth alone. Professor Remsen's work in the field of pure chemistry, both as teacher, editor and investigator, has done much to maintain and keep in due prominence, this necessary foundation of the science. All true chemists in whom the best interests of their chosen field hold a prominent place, rejoice in the recognition which has just come to him, and confidently look for still greater results in the broader field he is now called upon to occupy.

Among the special scientific researches which have made Professor Remsen one of the foremost chemists of this country may be mentioned: studies of relations between oxygen, ozone, and active oxygen; an investigation "On Chemical Action in a Magnetic Field," in which evidence was furnished for the first time that in some cases chemical action is modified by the influence of a magnetic field; and the discovery of a new organic compound about two hundred and fifty times as sweet as sugar and not injurious to the system, which has since become widely known under the name saccharine. Professor Remsen's chief work, however, as already pointed out, has been in pure chemistry, and for the sake of the general reader let it suffice to say that his attention has been devoted continually to the sulphonic acid derivatives of the benzene group of hydrocarbons, of which saccharine is one; and that more recently his chief study has been on the double halides.

In 1881 Dr. Remsen was invited by the city of Boston to look into a peculiar condition of the city water, which was unfit for use owing to a disagreeable taste and odor. He showed that the trouble was due to a large quantity of fresh-water sponge in one of the artificial lakes from which the supply was drawn. He has also conducted a number of investigations for the National Board of Health, among them, "An Investigation of the Organic Matter in the Air," and "On the Contamination of Air in Rooms

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Heated by Hot-Air Furnaces or by Cast-Iron Stoves." In 1884 he was on a committee of the National Academy of Sciences to investigate the glucose industry of the United States.

Dr. Remsen founded and has edited since 1879 the American Chemical Journal, in which the results of most of his work have appeared. His published works have each been through several editions, and have been translated into German, Italian, French, and Japanese. They are used as text books in a great many colleges throughout this country, England, Australia, Germany, Italy, France, and Japan Among them are "The Principles of Theoretical Chemistry," "Introduction to the Study of Chemistry," "Introduction to the Study of the Compounds of Carbon," "Inorganic Chemistry," and "The Elements of Chemistry." In all these works, as well as in the popular scientific articles that he has written, he exhibits a remarkable power of adaptation, co-ordination, and correlation that has gained for his books the high estimate they deserve.

In recognition of the services he has rendered to science and to the world, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Columbia University in 1893, and by Princeton in 1896. He is also corresponding member of the British Association, honorary member of the Pharmaceutica Society of Great Britain, foreign member of the Chemical Society of London, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

CHARLES V. EDMUNDS.

Baltimore, Md.

IN OUR COUNTY—VII.

THE LETHE MYSTERY—III.*

"WELL, dear," said Lucy's gentle tones, "You found everything all right at the stables, I suppose? It is a lovely night—isn't it?"

She was sewing under the shaded astral lamp standing on her work-stand at her corner of the hearth. Her dress was crimson, and not gray; her fair hair was perfectly smooth. A more tranquil picture could not be put together.

Burr dropped awkwardly into a chair, speechless and confounded. Half an hour earlier he would have been enraptured at the discovery that she was disposed to ignore their first tiff matrimonial. Now, he never thought of it. He could not get hold of a word until Lucy glanced up from her work, smiling divine encouragement.

"Have you been taking a walk?" she asked, to make talk run smoothly.

"Didn't I see *you* in the garden just now?" he stammered.

She smiled yet more reassuringly. It is always easier for a woman to come around gracefully than for a man.

"O, no!" quite as if denial were superfluous. "I haven't left the house since supper-time, even to go out on the porch. I must say the moonlight was a temptation, but it would not be prudent while I have this sore throat."

"Of course not! that was quite right! quite right!" rejoined her lord, briskly and abstractedly.

Whom—or what had he seen? He could have made oath to his wife's identity. Figure, motion, the sylphlike grace of carriage and gait, the very manner of holding the shawl about her head—were Lucy's to perfection. He wished he had put out his arm and grasped her drapery when she was actually within reach of him,—that he had called her back, even from the gate.

The gate! He started as if at a prick of the needle in Lucy's hand. Why, the Creature (he called her that by now) had passed through, without opening it! The queer, never-to-be-forgotten chill that had crisped his flesh and entered into his bones on that awful August night, crept down to his extremities.

"If you don't mind, darling," Lucy was aying in her softest voice—"you and I will take those pictures quietly back to the garret to-night, when none of the servants are about. I don't care to set

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them gossiping. They are saying that the house is haunted."

Burr's smooth brow was corrugated darkly.

"Eh! who says so?"

Lucy laughed. She was turning down a hem by a thread and had not seen the scowl.

"The negroes, of course—poor, superstitious things! 'Though, for that matter, wiser people than they are not superior to such things, sometimes. For my part, I agree with Betty, who says she 'isn't afraid of things with no bodies on. Save her from the living, and she'll save herself from the dead,' she says. Betty is a great girl!"

Burr offered no opposition when she lighted one candle for him and one for herself, and led the way to the closet under the stairs where the portraits had been left. At the door he drew her back, put his arm about her and kissed her. He was not petulant nor yet sullen, then, she meditated, holding both candles while he hauled out the pictures. But his manner had something in it that was odd and constrained. She could have thought that he disliked to handle the rubbish she was intent upon stowing away where they would not remind her of their first family jar. She had meant her proposition to be a sign and seal of the wifely submission she acknowledged that she owed to him, and tried with all her amiable might not to let him perceive her disappointment at his indifferent acceptance of the token.

He halted under the hall-lamp to inspect the paintings. Lucy still held both candles and raised them above her head the better to see the pictured faces.

"Do you think they would have painted her if she had not been—quite—*white?*" she queried, nestling nearer to him as they looked at the beautiful face whose tropical bloom was not paled by the rose held audaciously close to it.

"A quarter-breed, at least!" The strong distaste with which he regarded both canvases increased while he looked. "They were a devilish bad set—all of them. I've more than half a mind to stuff this trash into the fire, and be done with it."

"Fie! fie! what naughty words!" burrowing her head quite into the front of his waistcoat to show her displeasure. "Put the poor things back into the cubby, and let them sleep quietly for another fifty years. I can't bear to see portraits burned. They seem so alive—somehow!"

She ran nimbly up the stairs, still carrying her candles high, and he followed. He could not oppose the forgiving angel she had proved herself to be. The garret stairway was enclosed, and a strong draught of air poured down upon them, like so much water, when the door was opened, bringing tinglingly to their nostrils the composite mustiness of a raftered attic that has felt the storms of many winters. Lucy's sweet laugh was a bell-tinkle in the blackness above, as Burr looked up at her from below. The candle-flames wavered back and forth, throwing her lower figure into obscurity. Her face was like a white star suspended in the midst of glooms. He had hit one of the frames against the door and dropped it. It was his muttered word as he stooped for it, that made her laugh. Tripping over the bare boards, the click of her high heels ringing like skates upon ice, she set her candles on the sofa, and passed beyond to pick up something white,—a bit of underwear her quick eye descried upon the floor by the trunk she had opened in the morning. She had closed it without noticing she had not put everything back. She raised the lid, laid the garment within, shut the trunk and, attracted by the beauty of the night, rested one knee upon it to look out. Burr was shoving the pictures as far back into the cubby as he could reach, and heard what she was saying imperfectly until she screamed—"O, Burr, dear! *don't!*"

He looked around in time to see her topple backward and fall, her head striking the floor.

He sprang to her help, lifted and stood her upon her feet. She clung to him, sick and giddy, catching her breath hysterically.

"My precious child! how did you happen to do that? You might have hurt yourself seriously!"

"How did I do it?" echoed Lucy indignantly. "Why did you pull me over! You gripped my neck and jerked me backward. Rather rough play, I call it!"

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"I wasn't within ten feet of you!" retorted the husband. "I never touched you!"

She could not disbelieve him. He must believe her.

The little wife crept into the shelter of the strong manly arms and glanced fearfully into the dumb depths of the vast attic.

"Then—*who* did?" she whispered. "I felt two cold hands about my neck as plainly as I feel your warm hands now. And you saw how hard I fell! I tell you It *pulled* me down!"

With a blind faith in the exorcism of fire, which was probably an inheritance from an orthodox and persecuting ancestry, Burr Mayo made a bon-fire of the old sofa on the morrow in a field, adjacent to, yet at a safe distance from the house. The seasoned and varnished wood glowed as fiercely as the faggots dipped in tar had blazed about the heretics of old; the stench of burning hair arose to heaven and was carried by the wind for a mile on the level.

"'Twas a haän'some piece of furnitur'," said one crone in her master's hearing. "Seems sorter wicked fur to destr'y it."

Her gossip answered:—"Miss Lucy ain' been fotch' up by her ma' fur nothin'. She can't byar the thought of a bade-bug anywhar in *her* house. An' dar ain' but one way for ter git rid of dem red varmints. Dey mus' be burn' up, root an' branch."

"Let it go at that!" laughed Burr, in repeating the dialogue to his wife. "Now what do you say to the same treatment for mulatto and soldier? There may be bugs in them, too."

Lucy would not consent. It would be too much like an *auto-da-fé*. *Her* ancestors were Huguenots, and the suggestion was not agreeable. The portraits could do no harm shut up in that cubby-hole with their faces to the wall. Nothing must be said at Letlone, or elsewhere, of what they had seen, heard, and felt. Least of all, must the excitable negro imagination be fired by a hint of the truth.

Lucy was game to her Huguenot backbone, and Burr had never been more proud of her than when she proposed that the two who were in the secret should talk no more of the mystery, and as far as possible, exclude thoughts of it from their minds.

"We might talk it over until doomsday, and not unravel it," said the sensible small matron. "Since we have got to live at Lethe—and wouldn't live anywhere else if we could"—patting her husband's hand—"we will just pretend that there is nothing wrong there, and wait until time explains everything."

They were driving up the avenue to Letlone. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Lucy was to spend the day with her mother, who was far from well. Plantation affairs demanded Burr's presence at home. He would come for her before sunset.

"Unless we should have a storm,"—he subjoined, craning his neck to look out under the buggy-top at a watery sky. "In that case you must stay at Letlone, all night. You musn't add to that cold."

He was learning to be tenderly careful of her health. She clung to him, and spoke in a frightened tone:

"You won't sleep alone in that house, dear—after last night!"

Burr laughed outright.

"You are not learning to be a coward at this time of day? No, precious child! I will have Dick sleep in the dining-room. He will snore loud enough to scare all the ghosts out of the county. I promise you!"

He had not recollected the promise when he stood by the window watching the driving sleet, that hurried on the twilight, and saw a figure on horseback gallop past the front gate to the stables. Lucy's petition and his reply were uppermost in his mind as the storm-stayed rider entered through the back door, and proved to be Bolling Flournoy, Lucy's favorite cousin and their near neighbor.

"I never was so glad to see you before!" uttered the host, heartily, helping to remove the guest's drenched surtout and leg-wrappers in the hall. "I was just trying to reconcile myself to the prospect of a lonely night. This is what I call a providential dispensation! You're the right man in the right place, for once."

He repeated the welcome with unction at nine o'clock. Both men were young, healthy, and hungry. They had enjoyed

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a bountiful supper, and now sat before "the chamber" fire, pipes at lip. By-and-by they would have an egg-nogg night-cap. Except for the single glass of brandy-and-water Flournoy had accepted to ward off the evil consequences of his wetting, nothing stronger than coffee had been tasted by either. Both were temperate in the right sense of the word, clear of head, and clean of conscience, and with so much of common interest to talk of that neither remarked the growing violence of the storm until a clap of thunder shook the house.

"In February!" ejaculated Flournoy.

"The breaking up of winter!" said Burr. "It often happens so. I don't fancy winter electricity. It is said to be more deadly than in summer. Maybe because it is out of season."

"It served us a good turn once," observed Bolling. "I've often heard my grandfather tell how the British near Trenton mistook Washington's cannon for thunder on Christmas Eve, and didn't budge from their camp-fires to reinforce the troops he was attacking. By Jove!" as a second crash seemed to split sky and earth—"That would do credit to the dog-days!"

He was knocking the ashes from his pipe on the fender. Burr had arisen to take down a tobacco-box from the mantel, preparatory to a new deal all around. A sheet of blue fire streamed between them from the unshuttered windows, making weird, fantastic streakings athwart the crimson flare of the blazing logs in the chimney.

By a simultaneous impulse they could never explain, the young men looked behind them.

In the very middle of the room, halfway between the hearth and the closed door stood a woman, her arms raised over her head in prayer, or in imprecation. Burr had one swift glimpse of the upturned face and recognized it. Then it sank upon her hands, and, like one crouching under a blow, her shoulders shaking with sobs, she swept to the door —and was *not!*

It was the action of an instant. It was all so unexpected and so startling that neither of the spectators had stirred or spoken. One fact stunned the senses of both. She had not opened the door! It was shut and fast when she disappeared beyond it. Both had seen her closely—unmistakably. They had the room to themselves. The thunder had not ceased to roll when they looked into each other's eyes and each beheld in the other's face the awful consciousness of what had been. It was a sickening second in which the blood chilled and settled about the stout young hearts.

A shrill shriek—stifled as it left the lips—aroused them. They were at the door at a bound, tearing blindly and frantically at the bolt—still wordlessly. In yielding, the knob came off in Burr's hand. He heard it clink against the fender as he threw it away and dashed into the hall. There was no light there. No midnight was ever darker. At the stairhead, there was movement — the shuffle of feet—the rustle of garments—short loud breaths. Then Something fell—rolling down! down! down! rebounding from each oaken stair, until a dull thud at the bottom ended the viewless tragedy.

It was over before Burr could tear back into the chamber for a candle, and bring it out.

Hall and staircase were vacant but for themselves. A strict search of the house revealed no other living thing except Rough, Burr's best pointer, famed far and near as the "sharpest" of watch-dogs. Him they found squeezed up against the wainscot under the bed in the chamber, trembling like a leaf and whimpering piteously, when his master spoke to him. Front and back doors were locked; every window was fast.

The last place searched was the garret. There, Burr amazed his friend by passing his candle to him to hold, and diving into the cubby under the eaves, whence he emerged with the unframed portraits. His jaw was set vindictively, his face livid. He glared at the canvases as at his arch-enemy, but vouchsafed not a syllable of explanation until they were again in the chamber. There he turned the face of one picture toward Bolling.

"You saw her!" he said, between locked teeth.

"I did—so help me Heaven!" uttered

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the other, actually staggering back under the surprise.

Speech came hard, and his vocabulary was insufficient to the occasion. Burr took out his clasp-knife, and ripped the canvas loose, cut it into strips and crammed them under the forestick with the tongs. With the idea of helping on the work of demolition, Bolling picked up the wooden square to which the portrait had been tacked and broke it across his knee. His fingers touched something smooth on the under side. A bit of paper was pasted upon the wood. The paper was yellow-brown, the letters upon it barely legible in a strong light. The friends deciphered them, one by one. There was a name, and below it, a date:

"DAPHNE,
1800."

The keenest scrutiny found no inscription upon the other frame. The portrait it had supported fed the lurid fires that were still gloating over its companion.

Long after the tempest had bellowed itself hoarse, and then utterly out of voice, the two men sat over the fire and discussed phenomena neither would have credited upon the other's testimony. Flournoy, born and brought up in the district, racked his memory for traditions of dark doings once rife in the long-deserted homestead. They were vague and unpromising. The "wild Scotts" were none too good to have had a harem of half- and quarter-breeds under the peaked roof. That was an open secret, even while they lived and ruffled it with the most dashing bloods of their times. The blackest legends concerning them did not hint at other murders than self-destruction.

"One thing is certain," concluded Burr. "That old scoundrel Cumby was in their confidence and he had a hand in their worst scrapes. I'll drag the truth out of him to-morrow, if I have to do it with red-hot pincers. I'll *starve* him into telling all he knows! I'll burn this house down with my own hands sooner than have this hellish work go on. Lucy is as brave as a lion. I never imagined such pluck in a woman. But no delicate woman should be subjected to what we have gone through to-night. I'll put a stop to it, somehow. Directly after breakfast we'll go down to Cumby's cabin and attack him in force"

Before they sat down to breakfast word was brought to the master of the house that Cumby had been found dead in his bed by the woman whose turn it was to look after him that day. The excited negroes were solid in the persuasion that he had been killed by a thunderbolt and one forged for that express purpose. Also, that nothing in his life was so consistent with the character generally ascribed to him as the manner of his leaving it. It bolstered and buckrammed their faith in his necromantic gifts. He could not even die like a common man.

Burr had sent down strict orders that the remains should not be touched until he, and the physician for whom a swift messenger was dispatched, had viewed them. The morning meal was just finished when Dr. Henning alighted at the gate. The three gentlemen lighted their pipes before walking down to the wizard's den. Little was said on the way except by the doctor. If he remarked the moody silence of his companions, he thought little of it. They looked as if they "had made a night of it." Husbands did that sometimes in the absence of their gentle guardians. They had to walk in Indian file through the wheat; the supple stalks whipped their legs and, beaten flat by the storm, tangled themselves about their ankles. There was little that was pleasant in any stage of their errand.

The plantation "'head-man" mounted guard outside of the closed cabin-door, but a gang of curious and declamatory negroes of all ages swarmed about the conjuror's late abode, like so many greedy carrion flies. The hum subsided at sight of the white gentlemen, to break forth afresh as soon as they had entered the hut, and again shut them out.

The February sunshine fell obliquely through the small square window across the red-and-white bed-quilt to the face upon the pillow. The head was strained back horribly; the lips, as black as a mummy's, were drawn away from the toothless gums; mouth and eyes were open and too rigid to be closed.

The doctor made a mechanical and

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futile effort to unlock the fingers doubled tightly in upon the palms of the hands stretched straight down upon the coverlet.

"He has been dead for hours," he opined, with professional indifference to the gruesome features that turned the others sick. "There may have been a sort of paroxysm at the last, but he died of old age. He has *cumbe*-red the ground for an unconscionable length of time, as it is."

With which poor jest they left the shriveled clay in the hands of domestic, undertaker, and sexton.

"I can trust you, old chap?" Burr Mayo fell behind the doctor to say in Bolling Flournoy's ear, as returning to the front porch, they espied the Letlone carriage rolling up the avenue. Three rosy faces nodded to them out of the windows as blithely as the hyacinths shaking off their sleety night-caps before the relenting warmth of the new day.

"To the death, my boy!"

A tight clasp of hands ratified the compact.

They kept it so well that even Lucy knew nothing for over a year of the experience her husband had shared with her cousin. A year during which no nocturnal alarms had marred the peace of the dwelling dignified into "the Mayo homestead" by the birth in August of a son and heir—Burr the third.

It goes without saying that Cumby's cabin stood vacant all that time. The master, prudent and merciful, never thought of proposing that it should be tenanted. His boy was two months old when he had the rickety structure torn down, the logs and boards carted into an "old field," and burned up. He believed that he had purged his own house by this primitive process, and, if the truth had been told, felt easier in mind after the second *auto-da-fé* had given entertainment to the plantation-idlers for five long hours. Everything that had pertained to the wizard was heaped upon the fire and consumed—bedding, furniture, clothing and the nameless materials used in his unholy trade—feathers, bones, rabbits' feet, beads and scores of other things "of no value except to the owner," who had known how to "trick" and "conjure" and "bewitch" with them.

"I am going to build a new tobacco-barn just where old Cumby's quarter used to stand," announced Burr to his wife, that evening. "If only because not a negro will set foot in it after dark. My prime tobacco will all be stored there."

The shrewd design was forthwith carried into effect.

Is it the strangest part of my story—every section of which is vouched for—that, in digging the foundation of the new tobacco-house, the workmen struck their spades into a human skeleton barely four feet below the surface? It was the skeleton of a woman of medium height, with straight, slim limbs and a well-shaped head. There was no sign of a coffin to show that she had been decently interred, and of course, after all the years during which it had lain in the earth, not a vestige of a shroud. Just as Burr Mayo and his wife, hastily summoned, leaned over to look into the excavation, a negro crouching within it, and scraping aside the earth with his hands to uncover the skeleton in its entirety, drew out, and shook away the mould from a lock of silky black hair. Tangled in it was a tortoise shell comb, high-backed and elaborately carved, such as Lucy had seen among her grandmother's treasures.

That was all!

MARION HARLAND.

Pompton Lake, N. J.

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THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY.

IN these days of awakened interest in race problems and international politics perhaps no catch-expression is employed quite so frequently or so carelessly as the "supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon." Books have been written to explain it. The magazines have recently been filled with discussions of it. Scarcely a newspaper now issues from the press innocent of any reference to it. One goes to a lecture—he hears expounded the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon; he goes to church—perchance only there to hear the same thing. Even the small talk of the corner grocery not infrequently turns upon this subject, albeit in a manner usually no less laughable than it is self-satisfied. In season and out we are invited to look with mingled pity and disdain upon the fickleness and instability of France, the decadence of Spain, the militarism and aristocratic temper of Germany, and to contrast with these the majestic, free, prosperous, beneficent Britain and the equally majestic, free, prosperous, and even more beneficent America.

Now this matter of the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon—a thing indeed in which the most of us thoroughly believe (because we are part of the race, if for no more substantial reason)—while a profound teaching of the past, has in our times been caught up in a reckless spirit of anglomania and bandied about by the popular orator and rhetorical writer until every thinking man has had reason to be disgusted. It has become too much a mere fetish of superficial politics and has too often been torn loose from its anchorage in the depths of historical truth. An unthinking, narrow, and conceited pride in race or country may easily become as great a bane to true patriotism and good government as cant and bigotry and intolerance to true religion. If, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has assured us, all our hopes for the future depend on a sound understanding of the past, nothing can well be more important than that men learn to interpret history according to principles of recognized soundness and fidelity. And so if we are to have this boasted supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon always at tongue's end it is well that we at least endeavor to comprehend the meaning of the phrase. If the Anglo-Saxon actually excels in the practical work of evolving higher civilization it is certainly befitting to inquire why this is so. And we mean the supremacy not merely of the world power commonly designated as Great Britain, but rather of the entire body of English-speaking people; for, as the late Professor Freeman so often took occasion to emphasize, the English-speaking people is essentially one, whether in Britain or America or Australia or South Africa.

Whether the present British empire shall remain intact or shall shortly fall to pieces, as some predict, matters not in a consideration of the Anglo-Saxon's status in world affairs. The race is much broader than the British, or any other nation. Political disintegration would little affect the extension and permanence of English language, laws, and institutions. Of this the United States is a standing proof. The essentials of the Anglo-Saxon's character and achievements go wherever he goes and stay wherever he stays. Or, in other words, that upon which Anglo-Saxon supremacy depends is deeper and more abiding than political dominion.

But in what does Anglo-Saxon supremacy consist? It is easy to take a superficial view of this question. In regard to England, for instance, it is natural to respond at once that her supremacy consists in the fact that the sun never sets on her possessions, that her naval power is the mightiest that sweeps the seas, that her trade is the richest on earth and her people the wealthiest. These are points beyond dispute; yet to say that they constitute the position of superiority which England holds is to lay one's self open to the charge of historical shortsightedness. Facts they are, of course, but after all merely incidental and of lit-

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tle significance apart from the more fundamental facts of which they are but surface manifestations. In deepest truth the supremacy of the English race lies primarily in the political institutions which it has wrought out, and which have been building ever since days long before our Anglo-Saxon forefathers possessed half the British isle or had even begun to dream of naval power or commerce or national unity. It lies, further, in the sturdy persistence with which these political institutions, under conditions sometimes favorable, more often unfavorable, have worked out the nearest approach to men's best conceptions of government and social organization. And, still further, it consists in—or perhaps better, is evidenced by—the fact that the political handiwork of the English people has become both incentive and pattern for all intelligent nation-makers of modern times. Aristotle's dictum that man is a political animal has been peculiarly true of the Anglo-Saxon. It is a truth well understood by students of anthropology and social science that the genius of races cannot be expressed by a common measure. That is to say, a race's place in the scale of civilization cannot be determined by that race's achievement in the realm of art or of religion or of literature or of politics or of any other one field of endeavor. Rome, poor in art, rivals Greece, rich in art, because Rome was rich in law wherein Greece was poor. One people wins the crown of greatness by its work in art, another by its contributions to literature, another by its gift of religion, another by its system of law, another by its excelling political institutions. Whatever may be his claim along other lines the last-named is pre-eminently the Anglo-Saxon's hope for immortality.

It is not intended here to discuss the nature of the superiority of English over other political systems, so much as to account for the simple *fact of superiority*. The question may be put somewhat as follows: What historical conditions have operated to produce so obvious a line of cleavage between Anglo-Saxon principles and practices of government on the one hand, and those of the rest of the world, or, in point of actual fact, the peoples of continental Europe, on the other? The careful student will discern many answers to this question, and it must not be supposed that those here enumerated cover the entire ground. But it will be conceded, perhaps, that the following four groups of historical conditions go far toward making up the explanation desired: (1) The peculiar circumstances of the Anglo-Saxon migration and settlement in Britain; (2) The unbroken continuity of English political and institutional life; (3) The development and almost the perfection of the representative method in government; (4) The simple and effective principles of colonial administration which the English have learned to apply in their extension of dominion. A few words may be said along each of these lines in the order indicated.

First. The foundation of the supremacy of the English people was laid long before the Saxons, Angles, and Yutes crossed the channel in the fifth and sixth centuries. It sounds more paradoxical, but is none the less true, that one of the severest crises in the history of the English people was passed centuries before the migration from the German woods. This was in the year 9 A. D., when the Roman general Varus was defeated by the German leader Hermann, in the great battle of the Teutoberg Forest, near the present site of Paderborn, in Münster. The crushing blow there received by the Romans forever put an end to the progress they had been making towards the creation of an imperial province of Germany beyond the Rhine, and Augustus died warning his successors against any further attempt to subdue the Germans. Now the truth of the matter is that when Hermann vanquished the legions of Varus he saved the national life of the English people just as truly as did Simon de Montfort or Cromwell after that national life had passed from the stage of prophecy to that of actual existence. Had the Romans overcome Northern Germany as they overcame Gaul or Southern Britain, the English people whom we know could never have existed at all. The wanderers on the banks of the Elbe and the Weser, instead of being ready to carry Teutonic speech, Teutonic law, Teutonic freedom in their purest state into the

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isle of Britain, would have been mere Roman provincials among whom liberty would have been but a name and who would have known no speech and law save the speech and law of their conquerors. As Professor Freeman has said, at the battle of Teutoberg Wood it was ruled that there should be a free Germany to plant a free England and consequently a free England to plant a free America.

But the mere defeat of the Romans on German soil was not enough to insure the Germans against loss of identity at the hand of the Empire. For what the Romans had not been able to do directly the Germans soon made it possible for them to do indirectly. That is to say, the Germans drove the Romans across the Rhine but very soon forfeited the independence thus gained by voluntarily following them down into the Empire. In this latter movement the Angles and Saxons had no part—a fact upon which the entire history of the English people is dependent.

While in Italy the Ostrogoth was being fused with the Roman into an approximation of the modern Italian, and in Spain the Visigoth was being blended with the dark-skinned inhabitants into the modern Spaniard, and in Gaul the Frank was being merged with the Roman and Celtic natives, producing thus the modern Frenchman—while, in short, the romance nations of Europe were being compounded out of the two great racial elements, Roman and Teutonic,—across the channel there was growing up a people who long continued almost as purely Teutonic as the kindred who remained in the old Schleswig home. Just how the subsequent history of the world would have been modified had some turn of fortune caused the Angles and Saxons to move southward instead of westward no one can say. It is idle to speculate upon such a question. Enough may have been said to at least suggest the importance of the fact that at a very early period of our national life, before the stage of plasticity, our race planted itself in a new world, carrying thither our infant tongue, our infant institutions, and indeed all the elements out of which the Anglo-Saxon world has grown, and that there, by the might of its strong right hand it cleared the field and kept it cleared until the precious principles of Teutonic politics could be established beyond all possibility of subversion. Enough may have been said to warrant the thesis that the most critical and decisive moment in the history of our race was the time when

> "From the east hither
> Angles and Saxons
> Up became.
> Over broad sea
> Britain they sought."

Second. Another factor in the working out of Anglo-Saxon supremacy has been the unbroken continuity of English political and institutional life from times antedating the migration to the days in which we ourselves live. England is to have during the present year what no other nation of the civilized world could have, namely, a celebration of the thousandth anniversary of a national hero and king. The position of Alfred the Great is a peculiar one in that after a millennium has passed there yet remains the very nation and state of which he was and is as unquestionably a part as is any man living today. Theodoric, founder of the Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy, was honored with the title of "Great," but where was the nation that at the thousandth anniversary of his death in 1526 could cherish his memory as belonging anymore to itself than to the rest of the world? Charles, crowned emperor of the Holy Roman empire in 800, came to be known as Charles Magnus (Charlemagne), but at his thousandth anniversary in 1814 neither France, nor Germany, nor any other nation could, without doing violence to the truth of history, celebrate the occasion as a nation's tribute to a nation's hero. Besides saving themselves, albeit unconsciously, from the subtle metamorphosis which inevitably followed the mingling of Teutons with Romans, our Saxon ancestors, when they turned their faces westward toward the lonely and isolated isle of Britain, determined (still unconsciously, of course) that their descendants alone of all the German peoples could some day celebrate thousandth anniversaries as easily as most continental nations can celebrate the passage of single centuries.

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The political ideas and customs of the Teutons described by Tacitus formed, in essentials, at least, the constitution of our forefathers when they lived on the foggy banks of the Weser and the Elbe, and this same constitution was carried by the Saxons into their new home where, finding the field clear, it flourished and expanded in a manner not equalled in the land of its birth. And from those days to our own the life and institutions of the English people, notwithstanding conquest and invasion by Dane and Norman, as well as internal revolutions and border wars, have flowed on in one continuous stream, having now well passed the fourteen hundredth year mark.

That a nation, such as England, regarded merely as a political unit, should so long remain intact is worthy of note. That any body of people, once set off from the rest of mankind by peculiar racial characteristics should after so long a time remain as sharply defined as ever, is still more remarkable. But, after all, the really most significant aspects of national continuity must be conceded to be the political principles and practices which run through the whole course of national history like unsevered threads through a complicated tapestry.

In the political and constitutional realm, in which, be it remembered, the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon lies, at no time has the tie binding the present to the past been wholly rent asunder. Never, under any circumstances, have Englishmen sat down to frame a new constitution in obedience to some dazzling theory. Each step in the growth of the English constitution has been the natural consequence of some earlier step; each change in English law and custom has been, not the bringing in of anything wholly new, but the development and improvement of something that was already old.

It is a truism of political science that constitutions are not made; they grow. There is, of course, a sense in which this cannot be said of the "paper constitutions" of which the last century was so productive. But the English constitution was never *made* even in the sense that the constitution of several continental nations have been made. Our own constitution of the United States was written out in the convention at Philadelphia in the year 1787, but it was far from having been "struck off from the human brain at a given instant" according to the famous aphorism of Mr. Gladstone. The setting of our constitution down in black and white was possible only because our constitution had been building a thousand years and because the political experiences of the colonies in particular had brought together all the necessary elements. It does not detract from the honor of the constitutional fathers to say that they had not half so much to do with the "making" of our constitution as had the great body of the English people from Hengist and Cerdic to Samuel Adams and William Pitt.

As is well known, the great historical documents of English liberty—Magna Charta, the Petition of Right, and the Bill of Rights—claim to set forth nothing new. They profess merely to assert with new strength and added emphasis the ancient rights and privileges of the English people. In all the great political struggles which fill the pages of English constitutional history and mark the successive stages of its progress, the cry of the people has never been for the enunciation of new principles or the enactment of new laws; it has rather been for the confirmation and renewal of ancient privileges and for the redress of grievances growing out of a lax observance of old laws. The English constitution has developed from within by a process which gives evidence of obedience to one continuous and dominating law of natural growth. There is certainly nothing artificial about it. There are few if any instances in which any principle of law has found a place in the English system until it was demonstrated to be an imperative necessity. In fact, unlike the law of Romance peoples, it was never the nature of Anglo-Saxon law to enunciate general principles at all, but rather to meet each new emergency with a special "doom;" and this eminently practical character of the law has by no means been lost in later times.

As an outgrowth of these facts it readily appears that one very important factor in the making of Anglo-Saxon supremacy has been the stability, the continuity, the reverence for the past, the

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saving conservatism, which have always distinguished the Englishman as a state-builder. At the same time these are the very qualities which the Romance peoples have lacked and for the want of which these peoples have uniformly been unable to rise from their relatively inferior position in the political scale.

The Frenchman has never been satisfied with anything less than a constitution which has sprung full-grown from the brain of some man as did Venus from the head of Jove. With the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Frenchman, it matters not so much that every clause of the law and constitution be of some definite use and owe its existence to some real necessity, as that the political code be elaborate, comprehensive, consistent, logical, and in strict accord with the latest theories of the philosophers and the critics. But a constitution which is thus built entirely above the heads of the people is self-destructive. It cannot hope to survive the inevitable social upheavals which characterize such a régime. Each constitution owes its very existence to the annihilation of the one before it, and it, in its turn, must sooner or later be swept off the field to make way for some new one. This sort of political activity does not strengthen, but only enervates, a people.

Third. If it should be asked what one thing the Anglo-Saxon has given to the world which has characterized himself best and influenced the world most, one could not go far wrong in pointing to the principle of representative government. It is not easy for men in these times, living as most of them do in at least a reasonable enjoyment of political rights and scarce conceiving any other way, to realize that until the sturdy denizens of the German forests came forth to play their part in the world's affairs nobody had ever dreamed that one man might, by special appointment and for special purposes, be vested with the political functions of ten or fifty or a hundred of his neighbors and yet the interests of the latter not suffer. Greece with all her wisdom and Rome with all her advanced ideas of law and administration had never thought of using what seems to us so natural and indispensable an appliance of practical politics. And this was not, as some have supposed, because the people had no part in government in classic times; for throughout the history of Greece and Rome the people did possess, at least in theory, more or less determining power in the state—albeit that power, in later days, was infrequently exercised. If one will study the political institutions of all branches of the Aryan race he will find, under forms considerably disguised, but yet always approaching the original type, three distinct elements in the state—the king, a council of nobles, and a popular assembly. Now, except in the political system of the Teutons the last named element always meant what it literally signifies, i. e., *all* the people assembled for the consideration of matters of public concern, or at least all who were possessed of the necessary qualifications of birth or wealth. In the little city-state of the Greeks it was not difficult for the people thus to come together because the state was at most only a few miles across. Plato and Aristotle, and indeed all the first rate thinkers and political teachers, affirmed that in the very nature of the case a state must be so diminutive that all its inhabitants can come together at certain intervals without serious inconvenience to themselves. The Greek never rose to the conception of a nation with enlarged boundaries.

It was at Rome that the most serious need appeared in classical times for something on the order of representative government. A study of the conditions there prevailing after the great expansion of political dominion leads one to marvel that the demand was not in some fashion met. In theory Rome was also but a city-state, and no less so when her sway extended from the Euphrates to the Atlantic than when confined to the seven hills on the bank of the Tiber. To discuss the Roman situation is, of course, not our purpose. The essential features of it may be indicated in a sentence by stating that, while by a gradual process the people of the imperial provinces were admitted to the full Roman franchise on perfect equality with the residents of the eternal city itself, the privileges which were conferred by that franchise could be exercised only in the city of Rome, whither, of course, very few inhabitants

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of the provinces—particularly the outlying ones like Britain and Syria—could ever go. So that, so far as actual participation in the affairs of government was concerned, the franchise was practically valueless. "And when the Roman popular government, originally adapted to a single city, had come to extend itself over a large part of the world, it lacked the one institution by means of which government could be carried on over so vast an area without degenerating into despotism." And, lacking that institution, i. e., representation in government, into despotism Rome surely enough did degenerate.

Meanwhile, representation—the only possible basis on which wide national boundaries can be compatible with democracy—has from the earliest days continued to be the vitalizing principle of English political practice. From the early Saxon days—long before England was a united nation—when every town sent its "reeve and four best men" to the court of the hundred and to the court of the shire the representative principle has been the basis of the English local governing system; and from the calling of Simon de Montfort's parliament in 1265 and that of Edward I. thirty years later the same principle has been a ruling force in the conduct of national affairs. So that when the old colonial historian Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts, recording the events of the year 1619, tells us that "this year there *broke out* a House of Burgesses in Virginia" (speaking as one would of smallpox or yellow fever) he, unconsciously mayhap, but none the less artfully voices one of the profoundest truths of history, i. e., that the principle of representation in government had become so grounded in the Englishman's political make-up that it was a very part of him and could never be stamped out or lost and not even long suppressed.

It is no little thing to give millions and multiplied millions of people a voice in their own government; it is a still greater thing that in doing this the Anglo-Saxon has set the standard for all whose political aspiration points upward and has unfolded before the eyes of the world the one political system worthy of imitation. To describe Anglo-Saxon supremacy without referring to the representative principle in government would be to ignore the very cornerstone of the structure. To estimate English history without taking into account this all-predominating principle would be no less fallacious than to judge the play of Hamlet with its title character left out.

Fourth. Whether or not it may seem to be true of necessity, the fact remains that the really great nations both of ancient and of modern times have been those which have made use of some system of colonization in order to extend the range of their influence. Greece, Rome, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and England may each in the time of its ascendancy be cited as an example of this well-known truth. It would not be safe to measure the greatness of nations by their success in the work of colonization and to assign them their rank in the scale of civilization on this any more than on any other one basis. Nevertheless a brief comparison of the various Aryan peoples as colonizers cannot fail to be helpful in estimating the status of the Anglo-Saxon.

Between the colonial ideas and methods of Greece and Rome respectively there was the greatest antithesis. With the Greek the colony was the natural outgrowth of increased population and renewed enterprise. Between the colony and the mother city (for, as has been indicated, in Greece the city was the state) there existed the closest moral connection, but absolutely no political connection. Ties of blood, language, religion, and commercial interests bound Syracuse to Corinth and Tarentum to Miletus. But the younger cities were as truly distinct and free political communities as were the older ones. The colony, independent from its birth, owed its mother city love and reverence, but nothing more. Students of Grecian history are familiar with the direful results which followed when the mother Corinth, for instance, demanded something more than love and reverence from her child Corcyra.

The English "colony," of course, is derived from the Latin "*colonia.*" But a Roman colony was not a colony either in the sense in which Syracuse was a colony of Corinth or in the sense in which

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Massachusetts Bay was a colony of England. The Roman colony was, at least in its origin, a garrison of Roman soldiers stationed in a town for the primary purpose of maintaining there the supremacy of Rome. Instead of going to new lands where everything had to be created from the beginning, the Roman colonists simply took possession of houses already built and lands already cultivated—the houses and lands in many cases of men of their own blood and speech. It is apparent without further explanation that such a colony has little in common with either the colonies of Greece or those of modern Europe.

In the work of colonization the Spaniard followed closely after the Roman, if not in establishing colonies as garrisons among conquered peoples, at least in maintaining over them the most thorough political and commercial control.

The conditions prevailing in France at the time when her colonies were planted were such that no thought of political freedom could for a moment be entertained. Every law was made, every officer was appointed, in France. Commercial restrictions similar to those of Spain were rigorously imposed. And, to crown all, every French colonist was liable to unlimited military service and might be called out at any time according to the king's will.

In striking contrast with the colonial methods of Greece and Rome in ancient times, of Spain and France in modern times, stands the colonial system of Great Britain. It has never been the English plan, as it was the Grecian, to grant the colonies entire political independence from the moment of their birth. But neither has it ever been the English plan to continue to exercise indefinitely complete political jurisdiction over the colonies. The common practice has been to allow the inhabitants of colonies full control of their local affairs, subject only to the general law and constitution of England. Any encroachment by royalty upon this recognized right of colonists met with disapproval from the English people scarcely less ominous than if aimed directly at themselves. Every student of the American Revolution knows that when our forefathers rebelled against the exercise of political authority by the mother country they had not a hundredth part of the ground for complaint that French or Spanish colonists had. And England learned much by the revolt of the American colonies. Since that day democracy has become indeed triumphant in the mother land of the English people and in the colonies as well. Doubtless the highest tribute that one can pay to the present English colonial system is to call attention to the fact that, not at home, but in a group of colonies, i. e., Australia, has the most absolutely democratic system of government that the world knows been recently established England has learned—though only by some bitter experience—that the only legitimate method of colonization is that which looks to the welfare of the colony rather than of the mother country and that this will not infrequently mean eventual political independence. Whether or not it be conceded that the English colonial system has been a success merely regarded as an increase of Britain's territorial dominion, it cannot well be denied that through her work as a colonizer England has done more for civilization than all other modern nations combined, and that to this fact, in part, her supremacy must be attributed. Whether or not the British empire shall remain intact is a matter not in the least affecting the force of this proposition. We on this side of the Atlantic who are —as we are fain to believe—the finest fruits of the English colonial system will certainly be the last to contend that permanence of political identity is the true test of Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

FREDERICK AUSTIN OGG.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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IMPRESSIONS OF PUERTO RICO.

IF one is desirous of escaping the disagreeable winter weather in the North and seeking the land of perpetual summer, he cannot find a more delightful spot for his destination than our new island possession—Puerto Rico. It is a pleasant sensation to leave New York in a snowstorm, as the writer did last January, with the anticipation of spending several months in a land of ever-blossoming flowers and shrubs; but the realization is even more pleasant, for the climate of San Juan during the winter months is like cool summer weather in the North, with trade winds blowing almost constantly and frequent showers to keep things fresh and green. Many tourists have already taken the trip merely for the sake of the sea voyage and a glimpse of the island and its people, but it is a much more interesting experience to really live there for awhile, to learn something about the customs of the people and to get in touch with the little American colony, which is made up of some charming people.

But to go back—we sailed southward with sky and water growing bluer every day and the air more soft and balmy, until the afternoon of the fifth day, when we entered the beautiful harbor of San Juan. One could not easily forget the scene which burst upon us, when, having passed from the open ocean around the point where the old fortress of El Morro frowned down upon us, we glided into the quieter waters of the port. On our right, away to the southward, outlined against the blue sky, stretched the mountains, the more distant ones veiled in a grey mist; while on our left, climbing the sides and crowning the summit of a long, low hill, lay the city, the white and soft brown walls and green balconies of its quaint Spanish buildings glistening in the noonday sun. From the water on the sea front rose those wonderful old walls which for generations have withstood the force of both wind and tide, and half way up the height on the harbor side of the town, we could trace a dark line of fortifications, the original walls of the city, long since outgrown, whose gates, in olden times, were always closed at sunset. At the top of the hill, standing out against the sky, rose the fortress of San Christobal, keeping watch, from its point of vantage, over both sea and harbor; from one of its towers floated the American flag, the only familiar object in the whole scene, and we thrilled with pride at sight of it in what seemed a foreign land.

The quaint city, the vivid coloring of sky and sea, and the tropical foliage gave one the impression of a series of pictures, rather than real surroundings, and when against this background appear picturesque groups of people of every shade from black to white, and clad in an endless variety of attire, one readily imagines it to be a perpetual changing of scenes on the stage rather than those of real life. This impression is repeatedly strengthened. A few nights after our arrival, as we stood on a balcony at the Governor's Palace, looking out upon the sea and city bathed in moonlight, it was only the beating of the waves against the outer walls, the music in the garden below, and the murmur of voices in the

THE NAVAL STATION IN SAN JUAN HARBOR.

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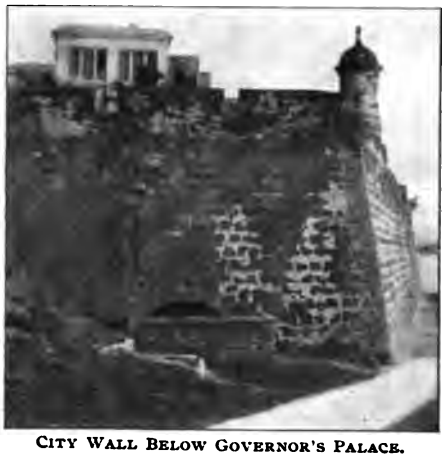

CITY WALL BELOW GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

lighted rooms behind us that could make us conscious of the reality of the picture; and when leaving the wharf at sunset, we used to paddle from the harbor into the waters of the lagoon, the white buildings of San Juan outlined against the glow of the western sky made it the city of a dream.

But it is the eye rather than the ear whose artistic sense is satisfied amidst Puerto Rican surroundings, for it is a country of noises rather than music. The voices of the people are particularly harsh and nasal, and as they talk a great deal and very rapidly, the air is continually filled with their chatter. Add to this the barking of dogs, the crowing of roosters, and the cries of venders, the patter of hoofs as the little Puerto Rican ponies gallop by, the creak of carts drawn by the great sleek oxen, the twang of native guitars, accompanied by the scratching upon a dry gourd as occasional musicians pass, and you have a few of the sounds which greeted our ears. At first it is very annoying to one's peace of mind, but eventually one doesn't notice it any more than the wind swaying the branches of the palm trees or the rustle of lizards in the grass.

It takes very little to arouse the excitable nature of the natives, and sometimes when one sees a crowd of them wildly gesticulating and shouting at the top of their voices, he is forcibly reminded of Kipling's Monkey People, who chattered and boasted all day long, but never accomplished anything. In times of danger they lose their wits completely. A very amusing incident happened at a fire in a village near San Juan. One party of firemen, arriving after the flames had been extinguished and too excited to realize what they were doing, succeeded in demolishing several houses which had not even been touched by the fire. The average Puerto Rican of the poorer class, having earned a few cents, is content to be idle until he has spent it all, and when he does get to work it is not wise to set one's heart on having the task finished by a certain time, for the word oftenest on his lips is "manana" (tomorrow), and the procrastinating atmosphere of the place accounts for a great deal of its filth and poverty.

Of course there are exceptions, but when speaking in general of the Puerto Ricans we naturally think of the largest and poorest class, including thousands of miserable looking beings, who have always lived from hand to mouth, who have never known what it is to sit down at table to meals, but who, when they are hungry, gnaw a piece of sugar cane, suck an orange, or eat some mess of rice and red beans from a cocoanut shell or gourd; who realize the present alone and never dream of a tomorrow except as a convenient time for doing what ought to be done today. The worst harm that could have befallen them was done, when, after the hurricane, the American government sent down free supplies, for immediately a great many of them became possessed with the idea

SCENE IN SAN JUAN.

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STREET TYPES IN A WESTERN COAST TOWN.

that in the future they were to be supported without any effort on their own part, and it is a fact that at one port of entry, although the people were starving, they refused to unload the ships bringing them food, unless they were paid double wages, so American soldiers had to do it for them.

Save for a few open squares, San Juan is very closely built up and the sights which meet one's eyes when passing along the narrow streets of the poorer portion, are enough to make one sick at heart, for men, women, and children are herded together like animals, until they overflow the doorways into the street itself. It is nothing unusual for six or eight people to live in a room ten feet square, and when in addition to this fact, one knows that at night the doors and windows too (if they have any) are closed and tightly barred, thus shutting out every bit of fresh air, one can easily see why disease and filth abound.

And yet even among the very poorest there are those who have some idea of bodily cleanliness and personal adornment, though their homes are dirty; for as evening approaches, the doorways and balconies are filled with women in freshly starched dresses, their faces plentifully powdered—rather a grotesque result sometimes—and hair carefully brushed. The care of the hair seems to be a race instinct, for though a woman's clothes may be old and dirty as she trudges along the dusty road or gossips with her neighbor, yet her hair is always well dressed and often adorned with a flower or a ribbon.

Once a week the beggars come out in full force, for, according to an old Spanish custom that still holds, they are allowed to beg in the city every Saturday, and Puerto Ricans give to them generously, although the one who receives alms is often as able to work as the giver. Thus encouraged, begging has become a profession followed by many, and whole families often live upon the alms received by one member who is blind or lame. We heard of one mother who would not allow a physician to perform a simple operation upon the eyes of her blind child, because with his restored sight her means of livelihood would be lost.

One thing which always surprises a visitor to the island is the indiscriminate mingling of white and black people. In fact, a Puerto Rican may mean a person of any shade of color and one often sees faces of great contrast in the same family. This does not mean the better class, of course, or the Spaniards, for they are proud of the purity of their blood, but even in the households of the latter the servants are allowed liberties which here in the States would seem impossible.

During the week before Lent the Carnival reigned, as it does in all Spanish-speaking countries. Gay parties in masks and fancy costumes paraded the streets, which were arched over with

SWAYING PALM BRANCHES.

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PLAZA OF PUERTO RICAN TOWN.

yards of bright paper, strung from balcony to balcony; and one could not venture into the city without running the risk of being pelted with confetti, sprinkled with flour, or showered with perfume. One had to be good-natured about it or he received twice as much attention from his persecutors. At the grand ball the Americans seemed to enjoy the fun more than the Puerto Ricans, for while the latter danced slowly and sedately about the ballroom, the Americans entered into the sport like children and pelted each other with confetti until the air was filled with flying paper and the floor thickly covered with it, while we all carried away quantities of it in our hair and clothing.

This was not the only ball of the Carnival, but the others were given on Sunday nights, nothing unusual there, for that is the gayest evening of the week. The theater is open and the Puerto Rican band plays in the Plaza, which is thronged with people promenading up and down. This is a good opportunity for the girls to escape the vigilance of their chaperones, for they are allowed to walk alone while their elders watch the scene from comfortable rocking chairs; so, armed with the inevitable fan, the senoritas flirt to their hearts' content.

The city of San Juan is really an island, for the waters of the lagoon—a continuation of the harbor—extending for several miles into the mainland, find their way back to the ocean at various points where the military road crosses by means of stone bridges. These bridges, by the way, as well as the well-built roads and fortresses of the island, show the fine workmanship of the Spaniards. It is said that during the Spanish rule the roads were kept in better repair than they have been since the American occupation, and one cannot enter the old fortress of El Morro in El Capital without a feeling of awe for those immense walls hundreds of years old. There was an old tradition that when the walls of San Juan were pulled down, the city would pass into foreign hands, and this story has been verified, for just previous to the American occupation, a part of the wall was torn down in order to allow for the growth of the city.

The military road running diagonally across the island from San Juan to Ponce on the southern coast, is the "great highway" over which travel people of all colors and vehicles of every description, so, living as we did several miles out from San Juan, we saw many interesting sights beyond the big iron gates of our little garden.

From early dawn, when the great ox carts of sugar-cane creaked by on their way to the city, until after dark, when they returned laden with supplies for the country, there was a continual procession. Indeed, the road was never deserted, for late at night we heard the shouts of men driving cattle before them, and sometimes, in the distance, the shot of a policeman's revolver, fired, perhaps,

AVENUE IN THE GARDEN OF THE GOVERNOR'S SUMMER PALACE.

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to keep up his courage. Even in the earlier hours, long before daylight, people went by on their way to the city, with market stuff, men riding little ponies already burdened with heavy pack-saddles, and tall women with great bundles on their heads and skirts fastened up to their knees, striding along with the patience and tirelessness of camels. All day long the road was thronged with venders carrying trays of vegetables, sweets, and fruits, and filling the air with their cries, while at dusk the little peanut boys swelled the chorus.

And when we tired of all this life beyond our front gates, we had only to step out upon our back balcony to catch a restful glimpse of fragrant wild orange trees, of green palm branches swaying back and forth against the blue sky, of distant waters glistening in the sunlight, and hazy mountains stretching away to the southward.

In traveling through some parts of the island one comes upon spots where the tropical foliage is not so conspicuous and one could almost imagine himself in New England, but a turn of the road reveals a group of palms or banana trees and the illusion is dispelled. The scenery is very beautiful among the mountains of the interior, for the road from San Juan across the island is a winding and gradually ascending one, so that as the coach pauses from time to time, the traveler has the opportunity of looking back upon a magnificent panorama of mountain and valley. Groups of picturesque palms and luxuriant mango trees stand out here and there, while in the valleys and on the hillsides are fertile fields of sugar-cane and tobacco, banana and coffee plants. The road looks like a white ribbon winding around the side of the mountain, and overhead the sky is a glorious blue, relieved by masses of fleecy white clouds. Over in the distance a shower of rain is falling, and here and there, clinging to the sides of the mountains are native shacks, raised two or three feet from the ground and thatched with palm branches.

Once, when climbing a mountain for a more extended view, we came upon one of these huts. A woman sat upon the floor in the doorway shelling peas and a little naked child was helping her. The place was devoid of furniture save a rude bed made of planks and a hammock of sacking in which lay a baby of three months, and yet this was the home of a family of seven! The natives living in the country certainly have the advantage of more fresh air than their poor brothers in a city like San Juan, but they are no better off, for they have less food.

The coaches in which one travels are like our old-fashioned double carriages, and are drawn by little Puerto Rican ponies that gallop mile after mile without stopping. There is always a great rattling of harness, for when the horses are changed at each village, the driver never bothers to alter the straps and buckles.

Some of these little ponies, by the way,

STREET IN MAYAGUEZ.

make fine saddle horses, and the late afternoon ride is one of the pleasant memories which one carries away from Puerto Rico. One could not wish for anything more delightful than a gallop out the military road, a ride along the seashore, or a sail on the harbor beneath the glorious light of a southern moon; and the surf bathing is fine, though it is wise to choose a bit of beach where a sand bar or reef will serve as a protection from sharks. A Country Club has already been organized, with a pretty little clubhouse and golf links near the ocean, and it has been predicted that in ten years' time the seashore near San Juan will be built up with the winter homes of wealthy Americans.

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Besides this out-of-door life there are plenty of social pleasures in the way of dances at the Barracks and on board the transports, the "at home" nights of the Governor, teas, dinners, and luncheons, where one meets charming people connected with the Army, Navy, and Government.

One cannot be in Puerto Rico long without realizing that the condition of the poorer class of people is the result of ignorance, and with this knowledge there comes the hope that by education—for which provision is now rapidly being made—much can be accomplished in time for their betterment. They certainly set the Americans a good example in their courtesy and temperance. The Spanish expression "My house is yours" conveys an idea of their hospitality, and one rarely, if ever, sees a Puerto Rican drunk, though they all gamble from childhood. The lessons they most need to learn are those of thrift and cleanliness, and since the American occupation much has been done to make San Juan a cleaner city and to provide work for the needy. But there is much more that could be done by Americans, as individuals, which is neglected. Very few of our fellow-countrymen who are there for other reasons beside mission work, show the slightest interest in the efforts of the earnest few who have gone there to labor for both the physical and spiritual welfare of the natives. There is, on the contrary, a tendency to fall in with the habits and customs of the place rather than to set a better example.

Of course there are disadvantages in making a permanent home in Puerto Rico—but it is and will be a delightful winter resort for Americans, and although the slow, procrastinating ways of the natives are very trying to the energetic nature of an American business man, still there is a fascination about the atmosphere of the place which is strong enough to take people back if they have once been there.

The island has been in a very unsettled state, and it is not surprising that the Puerto Ricans have been discontented under the chaotic conditions, which necessarily would have to exist for some time during the change of régime. But the hopeful and interested observer, after spending some time there, invariably predicts a bright future for this little island and its people.

GRACE ETHELWYN BROWNE.

Cleveland.

THE HOMESEEKERS' LAST HAVEN.

IN all our far-famed West there is no more beautiful or fertile tract of land than the recently opened Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indian reservation in the lusty young territory of Oklahoma, which is now teeming with the tents and "prairie schooners" of those builders of empires and republics—the homeseekers. Where a short time ago roved the blanketed redskin and the beef steer in undisturbed solitude, where naught but the tepee of the former and barbed-wire enclosure of the latter was seen on mesa and emerald-hued mead, today the smoke rings of the homesteader's hut and the hum of embryonic cities mingle with the freshening breeze of the plains.

The opening day of this reservation was the closing act in the greatest scramble for free homes that the world has ever witnessed and will go down in history as the most unique and distinctively American occurrence on record. Uncle Sam's grab-bag method of distributing this celebrated and coveted parcel of land, while not up to the standard of the free-for-all horse race dear to the heart of gallant cow boy and sturdy plainsman, eliminated the most objectionable features of those reckless "runs" that poured frenzied mobs into Oklahoma and "the Strip" on their momentous opening days. The bloody horrors of those mad races for homes will ever remain lurid blots upon the record book of the new territory.

This is decidedly the richest and best

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CATTLE GRAZING NEAR FORT SILL—NOW THE CITY OF LAWTON.

reservation ever opened to homestead settlement under any plan, and those homeless ones who were so fortunate as to draw 160 acres of desirable land in the biggest game of chance ever played and endorsed by a wise government, are thanking the lucky star that guided them to a home in that longed-for Elysium, a spot on God's fair earth that they can call their own, and upon which they can erect their simple, though cherished, Lares and Penates in peace and comfort.

For months, nay years, these nomads of the West, the white home-seekers, were camped along the borderland of the alluring land that seemed to beckon to them to come in and partake of its delights. White-topped "prairie schooners" crept across the blistering plains all summer long, and always the trail they followed led to the coveted "Comanche country." Many thrifty ones, wearied of "squatting" upon the border and waiting in idleness, tilled land rented from the "squaw men" in the adjacent Chickasaw nation, thus turning an honest penny while waiting for the fickle goddess fortune to visit them in the form of one of the big prizes in Uncle Sam's land lottery.

Up to the date of its opening, this reservation was leased to great cattle companies at the rate of ten dollars per capita, payable semi-annually and dubbed "grass money" by the redskins. Naturally the cattlemen, who had seemingly "cornered" the Comanche country and converted it into one vast pasture, made a vigorous protest against the opening, resenting the overthrow of their reign as "barons of the land," which had begun in the traditional past when the cattle kings owned the entire West, but to no avail; and the long-horned steer who has heretofore roamed at his own sweet will, knee-deep in grassy pastures extending over thirty thousand acres, past rippling streams and picturesque mountains, down green glades through which ran narrow cattle trails gleaming like silver ribbons in the dazzling sunshine, will be driven to other lands further west to browse and wax fat.

This tract of land was the last of the large Indian reservations to be given over to homestead settlement: hence the unprecedented rush to secure claims. It comprises over three million acres of land adapted to farming, pasturage, and in some portions rich in mineral deposits. This reservation was set apart by the United States Government in October, 1867, for the occupancy of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians. In October, 1892, an agreement was entered into between the tribes named and a body of United States commissioners by which the Indians agreed to relinquish all claims whatsoever to their reservation for the sum of $2,000,000, to be paid in instalments, and in addition an allotment of 160 acres of land to each Indian. This agreement was amended and ratified by Congress in June, 1900, and the Indians, aggregating in number 2,755, selected their allotment prior to the opening, leaving something over thirteen thousand claims of 160 acres each to be

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APACHE MEDICINE MAN—NEPHEW OF THE NOTORIOUS GERONIMO.

divided among white homeseekers. As a matter of fact the choicest lands were taken by the redskins, but many claims of value fell to the lot of the "palefaces."

For picturesque scenery, bracing climate, pure water, prolific farming land, luxuriant grass, and general healthfulness, this spot has no equal in the territory. The busy little streams, rushing over rocky beds, find their way to the beautiful Washita river, the chief waterway of the reservation, which flows past the Agency (Anadarko) in a southeasterly direction, separating this reservation from the Wichita-Caddo country, which was opened at the same time; its fringe of willow, box elder, and cottonwood makes a wavering trail of timber across the otherwise treeless expanse of prairie. Elm, post oak, pecan, and occasionally walnut trees are found also, bordering the many little creeks that find their way to the winding Washita, while considerable bodies of black-jack and post-oak timber are found on the uplands. Bluestem, buffalo, and mesquit grass flourish in rank exuberance on the broad plateaus and in the beautiful valleys. This spot, indeed, is the poor man's paradise.

Perhaps there are no mountains so abounding in mystic legendary lore, so fraught with awesome grandeur, none which are accredited with such vast stores of gold, silver, and other rich deposits, besides traditional treasure hoards, as the Wichita mountains in the Kiowa-Comanche reservation, and yet none of which so little is known outside their immediate vicinity. Their moss covered boulders rise above the level plain in rugged beauty, casting mysterious purple shadows over bands of roving redskins encamped beneath their friendly shelter; and many are the dark secrets of stratagem, ambush, and blood buried in their silent breasts.

Mount Scott, so named in honor of General Winfield Scott by General Sherman, who also founded the military post at Fort Sill, looms up, the proud sentinel of the range, and rears his imposing crest fourteen hundred feet above the surrounding prairie. The ascent of this mountain discloses a view of enchantment to the astonished traveler who looks for the first time upon the undreamed of beauties in the virgin heart of a continent. Indian legends cluster about this range of mountains as thickly as do the fabulous tales of hidden treasure to which many give a credulous hearing, and on the strength of which a few daring ones, now and then, risk their lives in impetuous research.

As we have said, these mountains abound in rich mineral deposits. For months before the opening eager gold-seekers were camped among their crags endeavoring to evade the vigilance of the soldiers at Fort Sill or, more to be dreaded, the malignant eye of some hidden redskin, who, safe behind a great boulder, watched the hated "paleface" prying into his jealously-guarded secrets, searching, ever searching, for that marvelous yellow metal. In this case the blanketed and be-painted spy, true to his characteristic cunning, would wreak no immediate vengeance upon his unsuspecting victim, but, stealthily proceeding to the Agency on his swift pony, whisper in the agent's ear, and in an incredibly short time a detachment of soldiers would pounce upon the unwary gold-

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seeker and summarily escort him out of the reservation, with strict orders to return no more. The law excluding whites from residence in the reservation previous to its opening was supposed to be rigidly enforced by the agent in charge, but oftentimes the eloquent pleading of the almighty dollar proved irresistible, hence a few unscrupulous government officials reaped a harvest from the gullible red man's plethoric pocket-book.

One of the many musty traditions of the redskins tells how years ago their mighty warriors, having exhausted all the lead they could procure for making bullets in slaying the deer, elk, and buffalo that abounded in the land, and in shooting at intruding palefaces, adopted the unique, though costly, plan of manufacturing their death-dealing slugs from pure gold taken from the heart of their mountain homes. It has become a twice-told tale that a trifle over a decade ago some officers and soldiers from Fort Sill became so crazed over the report of wonderful gold-finds in these mountains that they deserted, and commenced an ardent quest, even going so far as to institute mining operations. The War department, learning of their little escapade, promptly court-martialed the officers and dismissed the garrison, after compelling the offenders to fill up their mines; the Indians completed the job by obliterating completely all traces of the pale-face warriors' attempted pilfering in Uncle Sam's private treasure. Viewing this vast storehouse of Nature's bounties from the summit of Mount Scott, one is seized with a philanthropic longing to rush forth and proclaim to the homeless throughout all our broad land the manifest delights and rich resources of this undeveloped country.

The Indian found on this reservation is an indubitable proof of the failure of the white man to enlighten "poor Lo." He can be seen in divers stages of development, from the scowling blanketed savage who carries naught but hate in his heart and scorn on his lips for the intruding paleface and his womanish ways, to the pitiful specimen who, while endeavoring to "travel the white man's road," has imbibed his vices alone as he stumbles blindly along the downward trail of depravity.

Of the three tribes occupying the res-

VIEW OF WICHITA MOUNTAINS, WITH INDIAN BRAVE IN FOREGROUND.

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QUANAH PARKER, CHIEF OF THE COMANCHE INDIANS.

ervation the Comanches are numerically the strongest. Boasting a descent from warriors famed for bloody deeds of rapine and strategy, their name has come to be synonymous of all that is cruel and terrifying, and they are thus a rarely interesting study. They came originally from Mexico to Texas—hence the slight strain of Spanish blood, perhaps that of the "bloody buccaneers," which adds the needful tinge of romance to the history of this race of redskin nomads.

Their chief, Quanah Parker, is a remarkable character; being a half-breed he combines the thrift and shrewdness of the pioneer white with the craft and strategy of his red warrior progenitors. His mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, was a white girl, of respectable parentage, brought a captive from Texas by a marauding band of Comanches in the early days of bloody warfare between the Texas Rangers and the rapacious Comanches. The captive maid willingly became the wife of a great Comanche chief —Nocona—and the result of their union was the present chief, Quanah Parker, who adopted his mother's maiden name as his surname.

This wily chief is a born diplomat and administrator. When he mingles with his white friends he wears the regulation dress of civilization. His clothes are of the latest mode; on his stiffly laundered shirt front a flashing gem is ostentatiously displayed; his broad-brimmed cowboy hat shades features of decided Indian cast; and his magnificent form towers erect and commandingly above his listeners as he converses with them intelligently in remarkably good English. His attitude in regard to mooted Indian questions is sensible and generous in the extreme. He expresses himself as perfectly satisfied with the allotment and the opening of his reservation; he advocates progress, and advises his people to become loyal, industrious citizens of the United States.

His home presents the usual strange anomaly found in the case of an Indian and his house. It is a comfortable, if not handsome, two-story white house on the margin of a beautiful creek near the southern slope of the Wichita mountains; it is well supplied with carpets, furniture, china, silverware, and even costly pictures—among them a life-size oil paint-

QUANAH PARKER'S HALF-BREED WIFE.

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ing of his mother, Cynthia Ann Parker; and yet this dual-natured chieftain prefers the freedom of a smoky tepee to all the civilized splendors of his lonely house, which for him flaunts its gauds in vain. He sits in simple contentment beneath a brush arbor opening out from his white-walled tepee, waited upon deferentially by his numerous wives. His latest acquisition in that line is a beautiful, sad-faced quarter-breed whom Quanah stole from another brave. When the indignant husband protested wrathfully at his chief's imperious act, Quanah pacified his wounded feelings with a thousand dollars worth of ponies and a fine carriage.

The Comanches are a happy-go-lucky lot, delighting in games of chance of which the favorite is Mexican monte or gu-del-pha, played by means of red and black chips; yet, strange to say, these Comanches are honest—for redskins—paying their debts being a species of religion with them. They are more tractable and willing to become enlightened than the Kiowas or Kiowa-Apaches.

The Kiowas, a race at one time celebrated for the magnificent physique of its braves, are rapidly degenerating, the main reason of this decline being the frightful methods of treating diseases practiced by those limbs of Satan known as the High Priests or Medicine Men. As an instance worthy of note their treatment of measles is given: The patient is placed under an air-tight canopy, three feet high by three feet wide, consisting of three or more thicknesses of heavy blankets stretched over bent poles having each end thrust into the ground; red hot rocks are then placed under the canopy and cold water poured over them through a small aperture at the top. The steam thus generated causes the sweat to pour in streams from the panting victim. This barbaric treatment is continued until life is almost extinct, when the helpless patient is taken out and plunged into the nearest creek or river until he revives or dies—usually he dies.

Ah-pe-ah-tone, the present Kiowa chief, is fairly intelligent and educated and has developed a facility for getting along with the "Great Father at Washington" that is sadly lacking in the deposed chief Lone Wolf, who is Ap-pe-ah-tone's formidable rival. Lone Wolf is the hero of that "tempest in a teapot," the Kiowa Injunction, that failed woefully to prevent the opening of the reservation in spite of the stir Lone Wolf and his delegation of braves created in Washington, the general impression being that Lone Wolf was a mere figurehead employed by the cattle men. There was a time when Lone Wolf was a big chief and warrior of renown. He is an orator of no little celebrity, speaking English fluently and advancing astonishingly lucid and logical views on the In-

QUANAH PARKER'S DAUGHTER COMANCHE.

dian question. He is a deacon in the Baptist church at Elk Creek and an earnest, zealous Christian; he was instrumental in establishing the Mission at Rainy Mountain, where his two handsome daughters are rapidly learning to "walk the paleface way."

The Apaches on this reservation are often confounded with the Mescalero or Arizona Apaches, who were captured in New Mexico and are now prisoners of war at Fort Sill. Geronimo is the hero of this warlike band of redskins, but the

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hereditary and reigning chief is Christian Naiche, a fighter, an artist, and more of a hero than the conceited old "medicine man" Geronimo, whose reputation as a warrior among his own people has waned. The Mescalero Apaches, numbering two hundred and sixty-four, have advanced much further in the ways of civilization than either the Kiowas or Comanches or the almost extinct tribe of Apaches who are allied with the Kiowas. They wear citizens' clothes and cultivate land on the military reservation; the younger generation attend school at Carlisle and speak English altogether, and their base ball nine is renowned throughout the territory. On the other hand the Kiowa-Apaches are sullen, resentful, and more averse to acquiring civilized ways than any other tribe. They make no effort to master the English language, which they detest with savage fierceness, and will send their children to school only under the severest compulsion.

A decade hence these tribes will have been peacefully merged into the white race, and the great question of the final disposition of "poor Lo" will have been forever settled as far as this reservation is concerned.

FLORENCE BLEDSOE CROFFORD.

Ninnekah, Ind. Ter.

COAST GOLDEN ROD.

Imperial beauty, with thy glowing plumes
Tossing and waving in the salty air,
Queen of the sea, uprising from the waves,
Like old-time Venus, with her golden hair;

Shaken in vain by many a sudden storm,
Torn rudely by the bitter autumn gale,
Still do thy blazing torches proudly stand
Like beacons, beckoning to the far-off sail;

Or, from tall cliffs, thy hardy blossoms bend,
Watching the white ships, as they come and go,
Like tender ghosts of many a sad farewell
From those we've loved and lost and longed for, so.

Tell me, brave Golden Rod, art thou content
To dwell, all lonely, by the dreary main,
While thy sweet Inland Sister blooms in peace
In sheltered nook or sunny Western plain?

Swift comes the answer to my waiting soul,
Borne on faint echoes from the restless Sea,—
"I'm nothing but a simple flower of earth,
Willing to bloom where God has planted me!"

ELIZABETH PALMER MATTHEWS.

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THE SQUIRE*—V.

CHAPTER IX.

TOLLIVER went to bed with his mind in a bewildered whirl, but he could not sleep. The shadows of the great guest-chamber seemed to hold eerie possibilities. He felt the silence about him like a cloak, the mysterious cloak which hides the rapier. Then, too, came the perplexing vision of Liane, full to the finger-tips of mystery and dangerous coquetry. His pulses leapt at the thought of her strange eyes, so filled with enigmatic possibilities. How still the house was! Jove! How that snap of the woodwork suggested pistols. Yes, his own were under his pillow. What a fool he was anyway; with nerves like an old woman. Tolliver swore at himself and turned over. Silence—silence—silence which swept by with somber wings. By the faith! that was a door shutting!

Jack sat up in bed. Then, groaning at his own absurdity, he lay down again. How could he know that it *was* a door shutting? That Liane, her slight figure hastily clad in a blue dressing gown, stood in a distant doorway peering over a candle out into the hall? Softly, softly, she went toward the stairway, casting one fearful glance at the great whirl of architecture which vanished up in the darkness above, shutting her eyes, and creeping up and up and up—an interminable climb, with fear clutching at her heart and weighing her down like lead. Ah! how that step snapped!—now—here in the darkest curve was the little door in the wall.

Her cold fingers were clumsy with the key. The door swung back, revealing dense darkness, but with a foreground suggestion of rafters and the crossbeams of an unfloored garret. Her slender feet followed the narrow planking across the open beams. Now, at the far end, could be seen a little island of flooring, and in the corner, under the low rafters, a bed and table. With beating heart Liane raised the candle and looked around—the place was empty—the bed untouched! Her hand went to her throat in alarm; then, came a faint sound—nothing but that of a heavy indrawn breath. Following the sound, Liane met the gaze of two pairs of terrified eyes looking at her from the darkness *under the bed.* She gave a little cry, and then stood still.

"Come out," she said gently. "There is nothing to fear." If the pity of it were not poignant, she could almost have smiled, as the two tall negroes stood trembling before her.

"Here is your supper," she said, handing them the basket. "I am sorry I could not manage it before, but I—Ah, God!—The dishes went crashing to the floor. Liane covered her eyes and then looked again. One man had a *great scar on his cheek,* and the other *no fingers on his hand!*

* * *

Jack was wide awake at last. Something was in the house. Thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his rather elaborate dressing gown, he raked out a coal from the fire, blew on it, and lit his candle, then went out into the hall. Down at the far end of the second story was a dim light—it was moving nearer—there was a hint of a face above it—*Liane!* Her eyes wide open and almost black were fixed straight ahead. How still she moved along! Was she?—was she *awake?* The two met like silent ghosts in the middle of the hall.

"Liane—what is it, girl? Don't look so terrified. If there is any one here, I have plenty of lead for 'em! Let me search, and you go back to bed." He took her small, cold hands, and looked down at them, for he did not like to see her face. Suddenly she gave a start—a dancing, brilliant smile came into her eyes.

"Cousin Jack,—where am I? I have been walking in my sleep! Why are you here?"

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"I heard a noise and got up—there is something going on in the house."

She flushed all over her fair face and neck, as she drew away her hands. "I am the burglar, cousin Jack—I must have stumbled against something in my room. Let me go, please!"

But Jack, looking down at her with the glamor of night dreams upon him, beheld her fairer than all and with eyes which hid not their love and hands that trembled—he drew her to him. "My heart, tell me once fo' all, do you love me?"

Liane was still, the silence of the night seemed to listen. With an abrupt movement she freed herself, standing pale and brave before him. "Jack, I cannot love you; forgive me; I have played a part!"

Their eyes met, his face pale and grave. He bowed. "Thank you, cousin," he said, "I will go to-morrow."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The following morning, Jack Tolliver came down the stairs some time before the usual rising hour. He wrote a few lines to Margaret and left the missive on the hall table, hunted up the servants, and left directions that his luggage be sent over to the Tavern. As he stood with one hand on the pommel of his saddle, he gave one backward look at the closed blinds of an upper window before he sprang up and rode away. The clatter of his horse's hoofs sent a shock through a figure kneeling down by that same window. When the sound died quite away, Liane dropped her head on the sill and lay there, silent.

At last came the remembrance of the fugitives to arouse her. Watching her opportunity when Norah was in the garden, she burdened herself with a basket of food and stole up to the garret. She opened the door so softly that the occupants did not hear her. The old man with the maimed hand was somewhat awkwardly trying to smooth up the bed, his tall, slight old figure bending painfully, and his hands trembling a little, either from nervousness or palsy. His face was the gentle, kindly countenance of an honored house-servant, his whitened wool being sponsor for many years of efficient butlership. He was attempting some talk of an obviously forced cheerfulness, which was silently ignored by his companion, a strongly built young negro upon whose brown, but handsome face, as he turned from the window was written hopelessness, verging on despair. He started with a sudden abashed movement as he saw Liane. The old man with quick deference hurried to relieve her of her burden.

"Heah, honey—lem' me take it; hit's powerful heavy fo' you." He bustled around, trying to cover the younger man's confusion by a flow of talk. As Liane started to go she was arrested by an impulse which made her turn to the old man. A question was rising to her lips which would not be stilled, yet, which made her face flame, and her hands tremble. "Would you—will you tell me if I stay, who was your master and why you are trying to escape?"

The old man glanced covertly at his son, who had made a nervous movement. A sudden caution took possession of them, shown in the suspicious glance around at the corners of the garret. The old man's glance, however, resting again on the girl's face, regained confidence; and he smiled at her.

"I think," he began apologetically, "we kin trus' you, honey; we has to be powerful keerful, yuh see, but youah father's a good man, an' I'll tell you willin'ly." Liane slipped down on an old trunk, while she motioned the negro to a chair. The son still kept his sad eyes turned to the sunlight outside the windows. "Yeh see, Colonel Tolliver am a good enuf master, an' when Jaspah, heah, was turned ovah to young Marse Jack, we neither of us could complain. Ole Marse, he am a powerful fine man, but —a hard one—to dem what doan understand him. I kin git along with him when even ole Missus herself ain't able to. An' young Marse Jack he am a reg'lar top-notch gentleman; he am quick, but he doan lay up no grudge. Hit wouldn't have happened, ef it hadn't been fo' Sally." Here the younger man's face changed painfully.

"Sally am the prettiest litl' quadroon w'at evah came off ole Major Carrington's plantation. She am the peartest, sof' spokenest lit'l gal, with eyes as gentle

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as youah own. Jaspah, heah, ob cose wan' to marry her, an' begged old Marse Tolliver to buy her, but he wouldn't. Den Sally she beg ole Mrs. Carrington to git de Major to buy Jaspah, fo' de Carringtons an' Tollivers live in diffunt towns. Wal, den ole Major Carrington he a'mos' mek up his min' to do so, an' on dat, Sally an' Jaspah, dey run off on de quiet, one night, an' git spliced by a Baptis' preacher what was trabling round dey way. Den, de nex' thing we know, ole Major Carrington am ded in his bed, with a stroke, an' his slaves am divided up, an' a low down white trash man comes in fo' his share, which he mek out is ouah own pretty Sally, an' was takin' her away, and her married but two days.

"I goes to ole Colonel Tolliver, an' I sinks on my knees, an' begs him to buy Sally; an' Jaspah heah goes with meh an' at las' the Colonel consents; but de rascally white trash man hab taken her away to de nex' town in de meantime, an' when Colonel Tolliver finds him, he won't sell Sally nohow, an' cussed de Colonel as no gen'leman evah dah'ed befo'. Dat night Sally runs away, an' we follows the nex' day. We trable on—on—night an' day, an' finally cross de Ohio an' heah we is trablin' still, hopin' to git to de Western Reserve, plannin' to git a boat at Cleveland, fo' de Canady sho', where, praise de Lord, we will be in freedom at las'!"

When he finished, the younger man's face was still turned away. He sat awkwardly in the stress of his emotion. Liane charitably looked away. She found her own eyes a little dim as she stepped across the narrow planking. The old man quietly tip-toed after her, giving backward looks the while at the silent figure in the window. As Liane reached the door, he gently touched her sleeve, his voice dropped to a whisper. "Listen, honey, de las' I heard of li'l Sally, she was lyin' sick at a farm house outside of Cincinnati. She was to meet us here; I doan dass tell Jaspah, he am so unhappy anyway But, li'l gal, ef you should heah ob de gal, fo' de lub ob de Lo'd, will you gib her help?"

Liane's eyes seemed to satisfy him, and he held back the door, courteous to the last, following her figure out into the light and liberty beyond, with eyes bright with the eagerness of hope.

As Liane left the garret with its secret locked behind her, she walked nervously up and down the great hall of the house. Its gloomy stateliness grew more and more oppressive. A desire for freedom and the blue skies led her out of doors. On a distant part of her father's town estate was a pretty sloping grove, where a foot-path wandered from the high road through tufty grass down into a hollow and up again. At one point it dipped mysteriously under the intense shade of a company of old oaks. Reaching the path leading down into the grove, Liane lifted her head in relief at the solitude. Into the little hollow of green moss she flung herself, face downward. The accumulating bitterness of the past few days surged over her, and childish sobs shook themselves out. One important protest rose above all. *Why need they have been Jack's own slaves!* What seemed despicable deceit toward him turned her sick. Where did she learn it? How could she have done it? Her love for him plead till reason was confused. In a burst of passionate feeling she named it treachery. On and on she sobbed till her mind was dulled. Then with a start the suggestion came. What if she could slip back to town and find Jack, and putting a certain key into his hand—ah! what a dastardly thought! Hot shame flushed her forehead. A memory of her father's face came before her. Give back those two trembling fugitives with the first hope of freedom shining in their eyes! Give them back to slavery and sure punishment for no crime but that of having a black skin! With a childish action she threw her arms over her head, hiding her face from the placid sky. After a while, a shadow fell between her and the sun, and she looked up to meet Jack Tolliver's eyes looking down. He stood quite silent. She blankly wondered what he would do, the situation seemed so hopeless and so complicated. He did simply the only natural thing which his sunny nature prompted. Slipping down beside her, he took her fair face in his hands and kissed it.

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"I knew you did not mean it," said he.

What enchantment beset the place? Liane sat with the key to the room which held his slaves, jingling against a tiny thimble in her pocket; sat and looked into his brown face, watched his brave eyes, and firm but tender lips, and—forgot!

The warm September sun sifted through the leaves upon them. Birds trilled and called. Locusts shrilled up in a monotonous chant and a fierce whirring crescendo. Eden surrounded them again. An hour passed as do times in a dream. But the woman would eat of the tree of knowledge. The question, fraught with destruction, came at last. Nervously slipping her hand away from his clasp, she bent her head low over a flower.

"Jack, dear, what would you do if you were back in your own home and saw some of your slaves escaping?"

Tolliver with a slow smile of tolerance and manly superiority, lazily reached to his hip pocket. He brought forth a dainty, silver-mounted, death-dealing toy, with which his hand was only too familiar. With one finger on the trigger and his thumb tracing lazily over the silver arabesques of the handle, he smilingly answered: "Yo' see, I am pretty expert at chipping wings out of the lazy old hens, which call themselves ducks, down our way, I can do it with very little harm to the birds,—and—he smiled, showing his white teeth oddly. I have six slaves of meh own. This (bang) would fetch the first one in the heel; this (bang) in the leg; and this—" Jack stopped, for Liane, uttering a low cry, had risen to her feet and stood looking down at him.

The smoke from the pistol drifted between them, but through it, he saw her eyes, black with horror. In a second, he had her in his arms, "Liane, sweetheart, what is it?"

But she withdrew a little, and stood looking at him as if from a great distance. Her dream was shaken when that lazy, cruel smile had crept over his lips, as he sat, pistol in hand, looking after the imaginary fleeing slaves. And the first crash of the pistol seemed to shatter it forever. The bitter intolerance for cruelty and injustice which filled her father's heart surged up in hers. Jack, for the first time, appeared before her as the embodiment of that principle which she had been brought up to abhor.

"You would shoot at a defenseless slave?" Her voice held to the monotonous evenness of scorn.

Jack looked at her with surprised eyes, into which comprehension slowly crept.

"Liane—sweetheart—yo' don't understand"—he was beginning to smile. The sight made her shrink. With a little cry of woe she covered her face with her hands. "I thought you were different! I thought you were different! you are nothing but a slave owner, after all!"

"No! don't dare to touch me! go where you can shoot your slaves."

"But, Liane—you surely don't think—"

She was hastening away. Jack followed her up the path, pleading, expostulating; but at the highest point, she turned. He stopped. Though she said nothing, the pale, repelling little Puritan countenance was enough.

Jack stood looking after her a few moments, then got on his horse and rode furiously off. The events of the last two days passed through his brain in an enigmatic procession. He could make nothing of them except the one fact that he loved Liane—loved the little unapproachable Puritan as he had known her before the transformation of the Lathrop ball—loved her as the strangely fascinating, rose-colored enigma of that night—loved her as the sobbing child of this afternoon, and now, more than all, as the hurt and scorning girl he had just left. Would he ever understand her? How could he guess that his lazy jest with the pistol would hurt her so? How could he think that she would take it so seriously? Any Southerner would know that it would be a remarkably rare occasion in which one could turn a pistol against one of his own slaves. Anyone would know that they were too valuable property to handle in that way; a grim smile stretched his lips at the thought.

It was evening when he returned to the Tavern, his passionate mood exhausted. He ate his supper moodily. Where were those niggers of his, anyway?

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CHAPTER X.

Tolliver was deep in slumber that night when he was awakened by the sound of something hitting his window blind. He lay still, thinking it was nothing of import. A second later the sound came again like small pebbles thrown from below. He arose, and looked cautiously out. The night was dark and the side yard of the Tavern, on which his window looked out, was well-hidden with trees. But, a dimly seen man on horseback was close underneath. As the man raised his face, Tolliver could see there was something black across it, which, in a second more, he discovered to be a mask. At this unprepossessing appearance, Jack felt of his pistol on the table near by, then put his head further out of the window. "What do you want?" he said.

The man on the horse raised his hand to enjoin silence, then spoke very low. "If you would know where your slaves are, come with me."

Jack started. "The devil! What do you mean? Who are you?

"A friend."

"But damn me, I ain't goin' with any brigand like you without knowing something more. Give me some proof that you are straight, an' I'll go."

"I have a letter from your friend, Rex Morgan."

"Oh! all right. Where shall I meet you?"

"By Davis's barn, and be quick." With that he was off, his horse picking its way carefully over the soft turf and out at the side gate. Jack routed out a sleepy stable boy, jumped on his horse, and followed. In the shadow of Davis's barn he found his guide. The sinister expression which the mask gave the man, re-awakened some misgivings. "Now for Morgan's letter." The silent man handed it to him, and Jack with some difficulty made it out. It was but a line after all.

Dear Jack,—
The bearer is all right, has a good clue. I will be at the rendezvous without fail.
Yours,
Morgan.

"I reckon that's all right," said Jack, and they clattered off together. On their way Tolliver had time to meditate upon the eccentricity of the man in the mask. Why a mask? An errand in such a cause and in a town of well known Southern sympathy involved no danger. Several attempts to engage the stranger in conversation failed, and Jack again grew uneasy. It came over him that perhaps this was some trap to decoy him into trouble—'twould be easy for a highwayman's band to make short work of him alone on this quiet road. Perhaps that note of Morgan's was forged—a right clever pretext it would be. But resolving to follow the adventure to its end, Jack kept his pistol in hand and rode on.

They clattered along over the white road and thundered through the covered bridge. As their horses' hoofs struck into the quiet beat of the road again, the moon passed under a fleecy cloud, and the road from white brilliance, turned to grey again, the woodlands grew black, then out of the silence there arose a long hideous half-human wail, a sound mournful and menacing and fraught with fear to the hearer. It stopped suddenly with eerie effect. Even the horses started and drew closer together. The man in the mask gave a short, coarse laugh, which startled Jack by its vague familiarity. "Dogs?" said Jack with a frown.

"Yes," said the man in the mask.

Just then they came in sight of the river and the outlines of old John's cottage. They took a short cut through a lane and a cornfield.

A group of heads to the left kept pace with them, showing themselves to be as rapidly approaching from another direction. Jack laid his hand on his pistol. His companion saw the movement, and said very low: "Save your fire, young man, those are your friends." A moment more the two parties met before the door of the cabin, and Jack recognized Morgan, Simms, and Delcourt. They exchanged brief greetings, then Jack turned to Simms.

"What are you here for, Simms?"

"For the same reason you are. I have reason to believe my little Sally is hiding here."

"Who lives here, anyway?" said Jack.

"An old nigger *protégé of your rela-*

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tive Boudinot," said Morgan meaningly.

Jack turned suddenly cold. A strange thought struck him with the shock of a physical blow. "What do you mean?" he demanded in no modulated voice this time.

"Keep your tongue still, youngster. You do not want the old fox to get off with his whole cargo! Break in that door!"

Morgan and Delcourt made a movement toward it.

"No, reconnoiter first," said the man in the mask.

Simms and Delcourt went to the rear. Every window was tightly closed except one looking down on the river. "Not much danger there, too high," they said. From a side window they could see the glow of the fire, but not a movement or sound.

"Come, Jack," said Morgan, "are you going to sit that horse all night?" "The door's the only way," and he set his shoulder against it. The strength was still gone from Tolliver's hands and knees when Morgan called. His brain was illumined with a thousand new suggestions, but with them came a swelling of hot anger. Morgan's words were the spark. Off he leaped, crashed upon the door, and entered first of them all. The cabin was lit with but the smoldering coals; by their light, he saw old John on his knees by his bed.

"You old fox!" shouted Morgan, and sprang upon the old man. At the same moment Tolliver heard a scuffle from an inner room, and a third outside on the river side of the house. He turned toward the door, but was met by the reeling form of the masked man, whose arms were tightly clenched around a burly negro. Jack made a spring at the negro from behind and wrenched him off, only to trip and send all three crashing to the floor.

He came to his senses to find the masked man standing astride over the prone figure of his own black Jasper; Morgan was swinging old Ezekiel out of his way, and old John was barricaded behind his own bed. Jack's first feeling was one of indignation at Morgan's treatment of Ezekiel, for the old Major Domo had a gentle dignity all his own, and was associated in Jack's mind with stately dinners and pompous functions at Colonel Tolliver's right hand. Then his eyes fell on the sullen ferocity of Jasper. Delcourt, meanwhile, was swearing eloquently at old John.

"Now, you old hound, where is the girl?"

Old John shook his head, but his involuntary movement had been toward a door they had scarcely noticed before. Simms, smiling a pale, ugly smile, strode over to it. As he touched the latch, the herculean Jasper gave a sudden bound. But the man with the mask still held him. Simms turned for a hatchet to break the lock, when, strange to say, the door opened of itself. In the dark doorway, stood a tall, still figure—John Boudinot. At his feet lay the carcasses of two huge blood hounds. His face was pale, and a badly torn riding cloak hung on his arm.

"Well, gentlemen," he said coolly.

Jack, half raised from the floor, was the only one to speak.

"By heaven!" he said.

Then there was a slight movement near him. It was the man in the mask, who had dropped a pistol from seemingly nerveless fingers.

John Boudinot looked once in that direction, then again at the group in the centre of the room. Simms broke the spell; stepping forward and removing his hat with an exaggerated flourish, he spoke: "I think, Mr. Boudinot, we have had the pleasure of meeting before. I regret that the argument seems to be rather discourteously on our side this evening. Be so kind as to stand out of the way, and also be patient while we investigate this interesting hostelry, a little further." Boudinot stood very still, looking calmly at him. "Very well," he said, but something in the way he stood so still made Simms come nearer. "We should prefer that you join us inside," said Simms meaningly, "especially, as we would have access to that interesting doorway ourselves."

A slow flush rose over Boudinot's face; his eyes filled with sudden passion. "I will stand here," he said. Simms made a movement toward him, when there was a tremendous noise. He was hurled by a black giant, over against the bed,

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and Jasper still bleeding from his fall stood beside John Boudinot; but an instant, however, for the negro was pinioned by two pairs of arms. With superhuman strength he dashed them off only to find himself in the vise-like grip of the man with the mask.

Boudinot, with pale face and gleaming eyes, stood like a statue, watching the struggle. Once he glanced at old Ezekiel, and then turned toward the window on the river: there was a silent movement in the background of the fight.

As the other men surged about, Simms suddenly broke away and made for the disputed door. John Boudinot raised a pistol, but it was hurled from his grasp. In a moment Simms appeared, dragging an old carpet on which lay the figure of a young slave girl. She was very light in color and strikingly beautiful; her eyes were wide open and feverishly bright; her weak, delicately formed hands clutched nervously at her dress. At sight of his young wife, with Simms bending over her, Jasper grew furious. With a terrible lunge at his equally powerful adversary, he tore the mask from his face. This one act seemed to divest his enemy of all power; he stood before them suddenly bereft of the use of his arms, and John Boudinot looked into the eyes of Hugh Chambers.

A sort of stifled exclamation arose from the men, as they stood watching the two silent figures. Tolliver, with surprise reeling on surprise, stared a moment, then stepping to John Boudinot's side said,—"Cousin Boudinot, I reckon we have interferred with your plans tonight; it is scarcely a pleasant position we find ourselves in, but this, I want to say, that we of the South, can fight our own battles and want no help from traitors." He turned a contemptuous heel on Hugh, and went over to Morgan.

John Boudinot stood looking at Hugh, and Hugh, with resistless fascination, looked into the eyes of his patron. Nothing was said. At last, Boudinot turned to the group of Southerners:

"Gentlemen," I am not afraid of anything you may do to me. I know that imprisonment and sometimes a lawless death has met with such attempts as mine. I respect the law only so far as it is righteous. When men and women with hearts and souls as yours and mine come to this town and my house asking for help on their way to a rightful liberty, I will not say them nay or help the law hale them back to slavery and the block of the auctioneer. Nevertheless, I ask your forbearance, not for myself, but for the young girl yonder. I fear she has a fever. If you attempt to remove her, you will lose—valuable property. I will arrange about my fine, but not tonight." He stopped abruptly, putting his hand to his head. "I have received a shock, gentlemen,—which"—the blood rushed to his face and away again—"my horse, Jack!"

Tolliver started, never having been so addressed by him before. He gave him his arm and led him out past the still silent men, past the motionless figure of Hugh Chambers, and put him on his horse. Boudinot took up the reins: "Thank you, boy," he said gently.

Jack meant to speak, but found no words; so stood silent by the cottage door watching him ride off in the now perceptible dawn. When the sound of the horse's hoofs clattering through the bridge died away, he turned and went in.

FLORENCE ESTELLE LITTLE.
Cleveland.

(To be concluded.)

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MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

ANECDOTES and recollections of great musical artists—especially composers—seem a fitting complement and illustration of their life-work; for they have not the literary writer's opportunity of expressing in ordinary language their feelings and meaning. And when we listen to deeply-emotional, lofty conceptions, like those in Beethoven's Sonatas and Symphonies, or the golden dreams and inexpressibly-touching strains which Chopin modestly gives us as "preludes, studies," dances, and the like, we muse, "What was he thinking of —what did he mean—what moved him, when he poured forth such tonal beauty?" And the composer cannot reply in language intelligible to the crowd. Just so did Longfellow feel, when he wandered among great trees, whose growth witnessed to a long, dim, unrevealed Past. He says "they whispered low and mild" to him and, writing in words, not notes, he tells us a little, at least, of their ethereal message. But great composers and *artists-d'elite* are like those gigantic Californian trees, lofty in stature, mighty in girth, looking ever up to heaven with their broad, waving summits and shading with their grand foliage generation after generation of the frail denizens of earth; drawing their sap from the dark, vermin-haunted ground and carrying it aloft into those sublime, cathedral-like pillars and arches, beneath which we feel constrained to worship and to muse on past ages that reared these silent giants and are recorded in each ring of their timber. For in like manner, great musicians draw inspiration from the passion-stained arena of human life and bear it aloft, idealized and glorified, into the empyrean of High Art. And, as the mighty Palm and Banian trees shed their generous fruit at every gust of wind that shakes their branches, so these noble tone-poets, at every breeze of emotion that vibrates through them, let fall thoughts and traits of character well worth gathering. For Carlyle says truly that the great poet—whether he write words or carve marble or paint canvas or utter music—is a seer and must be listened to. One who has lived many years at great art-centres like Paris has met with many such noble types and has found their virtues and even failings, to be those of born aristocrats and in writing of them he feels like a child whose pious hand strews flowers of memory on the graves of revered parents, greater in their day than he will ever be.

Great Verdi's recent death closes not only an illustrious career, but an epoch in art. Italian papers truly assert that without his masterpieces, the opera houses must have closed for want of great novelties. His very name has a historical significance. Its five letters form the initials of "Vittorio Emanuele, Rè D'Italia," so when United Italy's first king rode forth the crowd greeted him with "Verdi! Verdi!" Straws show the direction of a current, and the following incident (for which I can vouch, as I was at Paris then) displays the instincts of a gentleman.

Verdi had just produced his opera, "Macbeth"—not his greatest work, yet worthy of his genius. Calling one day on his agents and publishers, MM. Escudier, he received from them a letter, probably unique of its kind, from a Southern Frenchman, M. Bertoni, setting forth that the writer, allured by the great fame of Signor Verdi, had traveled far from his native town, expressly to hear "Macbeth." Failing to derive any enjoyment from the performance or to descry any of Verdi's genius in the music, he felt defrauded and appended a bill of expenses—railroad, hotel, and opera ticket—which he requested Signor Verdi to pay. MM. Escudier, knowing Verdi's energetic nature, watched the great maestro, expecting an outburst of anger. They were disappointed. Verdi calmly asked the clerk to write a reply at his dictation. In it, Signor Verdi courteously acknowl-

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edged receipt of M. Bertoni's letter and regretted his disappointment. He pointed out that he was not liable for M. Bertoni's hotel charges, as he must live and dine somewhere, but he was ready to refund the full amount of the opera ticket and traveling expenses on receiving a written pledge that M. Bertoni would never again be present at any performance of Signor Verdi's music. The promise was received and the check sent.

Not only great composers, but eminent artists, like Lablache, have shown that to be great in music, one must be, like Othello, "great of heart." Lablache was a vocal wonder, whose equal has perhaps never existed. His prodigious range of voice—all of rich quality—enabled him to perform all parts, from tenor to bass; while his marvelous versatility and exuberant vitality fitted him for every kind of operatic rôle, heroic, lyric, or comic. At his sumptuous Berlin apartments he was annoyed for several evenings by a would-be violinist who posted himself right under the window, just at the time when Lablache was rehearsing his part for the evening's performance, and drew from a wretched fiddle wailings so feline in their shrill discordance that every passing cur with the least ear for music sat on his haunches and howled a heart-rending contralto to the fiddle's soprano. Maddened by this Wagnerian duet of lost souls, Lablache, after filling the room with maledictions—*"Corpo d'un Satanasso! Va, col malanno che Dio ti dia!"* etc., opened the window, threw out a thaler, and shouted to the tormentor below to go to—well, to a place fitter for such wailings and gnashings of fiddle-strings. The noise ceased, the fiddler departed, and the dogs found they had engagements elsewhere. But alas, next evening at the same hour, returned the tormentor. "Oh, this will never do!" thought (and I fear swore) Lablache. He sent his valet to call the fiddler up, and, when the latter appeared, to his surprise, Lablache saw before him a well-built young man of educated appearance and manner, evidently fitted for better work than scraping a cat's fugue on a fool's fiddle. Lablache told him as much and asked him what, *per Bacco,* drove him to that sort of work. "Alas, mein Herr," said the young man, "I know as well as you what an offender I am against art! But a man must live! And when you have others dependent on you—" "Well, go on," said the jovial Lablache, "and tell me all about it."

"Well, sir, it was like this. My parents were rich and taught me no trade. I was to be a gentleman! My father was Master of the Horse to a wealthy prince. One day he was out exercising the horses and they took fright and overturned the carriage down a steep bank, and my father was killed. He had been too lavish to save much, so when my mother fell ill with grief, the doctors' bills ate up everything. I know all about horses, so if I could start trading in them, I could soon provide well for us both." "Well, my friend," said Lablache, after a little reflection, "I think you are telling me the truth, and I will do this for you. You give me a solemn promise never to handle a violin again and here are five hundred thalers to start you." "God in heaven bless you, sir, in my mother's name! No fear of my touching that cursed fiddle!" And the worthy fellow took his leave with many more expressions of gratitude. A few years later, Lablache returned to Berlin after a triumphal progress through the operatic stages of Europe. He was sitting one morning at the window, tired with last night's work and musing over the past, when he noticed a splendid pair of jet-black horses in the street below, led by a man whose figure seemed familiar, though his back was turned to him. Soon his valet came in to say a gentleman wished to see him. The visitor was a tall, prosperous-looking gentleman of about thirty, who bent his knee and kissed the great singer's hand. Lablache rose in surprise.

"Do you not remember me?" said the visitor in an unsteady voice. "Have you forgotten the poor fiddler you saved from semi-starvation?" "Ah, I know you now!" bawled the jolly Lablache. "And you seem to be doing well?" "Ah," said the other with deep emotion, "it was only last night I found out, on going to the Schauspielhaus that my benefactor is the sublimest singer ever heard! Did you notice two black horses in the street?"

"Faith, I did," said Lablache, "and finer ones I never beheld!"

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"I come to ask your gracious acceptance of them as a homage to the Wonder of Operatic Art—to the generous heart of the great artist I used to torture."

"Oh, really, I cannot accept such a princely gift," began Lablache. But the other poured out such eager entreaties that Lablache had to yield. And whenever he told this story, he added: "Those horses were a wonder! Never saw such action, speed, and endurance! I never met my grateful friend again! Peace be to him!"

Artists of that rank cannot lift us, as they do, to an Olympus of delight without themselves rising far above the petty meanness of common natures. But the ordinary rank and file of musical "amateurs" have rarely an adequate reason for cultivating our divine art. Mere pleasure does not justify—even the pride of possessing a graceful accomplishment, does not merit—the sacrifice that a worthy, complete study of music demands. Dear old Händel felt this. When they told him, as he was starting for Dublin, that he would *amuse* the clever Irish public—"Amooze dem, sare!" he indignantly ejaculated, "I will edoocate dem!"

A thoughtful writer remarks that art is generally at its apogee amidst society's decadence. Young Nero was a noble artist. *"Nemo repentè turpissimus fuit!"* The portraiture of Svengali's combined genius and depravity, in "Trilby," points this moral. Art ought to be, if not the high road to a heavenly future, at least one of those charmingly devious paths we lay out in our public squares, meandering between gay parterres and inviting seats, but leading at both ends to the great highways of honest endeavor. At the time when Lablache, Rossini, Paganini Bellini, and Malibran adorned musical art with their genius, one had to be great in order to secure prominence and, still more, wealth. The wretched humbugs who now evade manual labor by masquerading as "artists" would then have had to perform in the streets for mighty few coins.

If Paganini, great wizard of the violin, had lived in our day, he would be much richer than he was then, but would lose the halo of superstitious awe that surrounded him. His great friend, Rossini, whom Paganini revered so that he sought to live with him, "to share his luck," he said (he shared his genius and love of art, which was better!), used to tell funny stories of him. For the grand old maestro was as charming a raconteur as he was a creator of opera. He laughed till the tears came at the recollection of Paganini's prestige as a magician.

It seems one lady, *fanatica per la musica,* could not believe Paganini was merely mortal, and she used to wait at the stage door where his cab stood harnessed to a coal-black horse. She solemnly averred that she saw a fiery chariot with two steeds black as night carry him off —through the air—without the help of a broomstick, apparently, for the *semplicetta* did not mention one. "And who could wonder at such tales?" cried Rossini. "His execution was fabulous! his certainty just stupefying! Never even a doubtful note—he was infallible! Why, he played on two or three strings at once, without using the flat bridge that Ole Bull required! He played arpeggio in double stops and performed a dizzying series of staccati, marking the melody in pizzicato!" One awful night at Lord Holland's London mansion, some one unluckily proposed that Paganini should improvise on the violin the story of a son who killed his father, ran away, and turned highwayman; fell in love with a girl whom even his amiable qualities could not fascinate; led her to a rocky glen, and, suddenly seizing her, leaped with her into the abyss! This diabolical idyll just suited Paganini, the saturnine. He had all the lights put out and commenced such a series of unearthly violin effects that when at the close lights were brought in, the carpet was strewn with the forms of fainting and fainted fair ones. One English "milord" vowed and wagered he would penetrate the secret of this magic, and he followed Paganini from city to city, paying large sums to secure the room adjoining his to hear him practise. For a long time he never heard a note of practise. At last one warm day, in comes Paganini, closes his door, throws his hat down and takes out of its case the famous *Violon du Diable!* The excited Briton glues his eye to the keyhole and thanks Apollo his chance has come at last! Paganini slowly raises his violin to his chin; passes his

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long, spider-like fingers over the strings measuring intervals of such extent as only he or his Infernal Instructor could stretch. Without sounding a note, he gravely, dreamily, lets the violin drop to his knee; lays the bow on the table; glares moodily on vacancy awhile, and then—puts the violin back into its case! And that was all the enthusiastic son of Albion ever heard of Paganini's practising. He needed the nose of that Chicago *invité*, who, arriving at a friend's house too late for supper, was boisterously welcomed with, "You're just in time, my boy! We're going to have a sonata now!" "Guess I smelled it as I came along," snuffled the guest with the musical nose.

A wicked wag once alluded to Satan's fall from heaven as "a pretty decent tumble!" Just such a *dégringolade* there was, from Paganini to Svengali, from fervid Balzac to fœtid Zola, from Ed. Strauss to little Sousa! "Oh, what a Sousing, my countrymen, was there!" Marc Antony might exclaim. "I guess," just such a Sousing as Caliban and Company get in the last act of *"The Tempest."*

H. B. FABIANI.

THE PERSONALITY OF COMMODORE PERRY.

THE dramatic features of the only battle ever fought on the great lakes of America has served to attract to the event, from time to time, no small degree of attention, and yet it is doubtful if there is to be found in the panorama of our warfare upon the water a figure regarding whose habits and personal characteristics less is known than of the commander of the "Lawrence."

Perry lived in the age of young men in the navy. He was scarcely twenty-two when he was given command of a ship and yet, in point of youth, some of his *confrères* in the service surpassed him. Joshua Barney was but seventeen when he trod the deck of a ship as her commander; Edward Preble was aged nineteen, and Richard Dale, Stephen Decatur, and James Lawrence were but a year or so older when they attained to the enviable station. On the other hand, Nicholas Biddle was twenty-five and John Paul Jones had reached the age of twenty-eight before either was master of a vessel.

If desire and ability for fighting be a heritage, Perry's ancestry may in some degree account for his success. His father, Christopher Raymond Perry, although but a boy at the time, fought both on land and sea during the Revolution, and his mother, Sarah Alexander whom his father had married when only twenty-three years of age, was descended on the maternal side from the Wallaces, famous in Scottish history. Early training was probably not without its influence also, for the lad's father rejoined the navy ere events had made any impression upon the young boy, whose first and only ambition was for the sea.

Perry seems to have longed for service on board a ship-of-the-line from the time his juvenile sports were restricted to sea-fights on the Pawtucket river, but in the interim previous to his departure from his native place, he had firmly established himself as a great favorite in feminine society. Nor was this in the least degree surprising. Of magnificent physique and with a strong, handsome countenance, Perry was a skilful performer on the flute, an excellent billiard player, an admirable fencer, and finally one of the most daring and graceful horseback riders in the whole countryside.

The private life of the victor at Put-in-Bay was exceptionally happy. Elizabeth Champlin Mason, the lady who eventually became his wife, he met at a dancing assembly in 1807. She was a demure little creature of but sixteen years. The engagement of the young people extended over four years, the protracted period being due to Perry's unwillingness to marry until he

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could have assurances from Washington that he might remain for at least a year undisturbed by any duty which would call him from his home at Newport.

Many circumstances contribute to make the battle of Lake Erie stand out unique as one of the most creditable achievements of American seamen in any age. In the first place, Perry had never before seen a naval engagement. He had studied the theory of naval warfare, but had known little of active operations, and had never even witnessed a combat between single vessels, much less a fleet engagement. Moreover, the young commander was at a disadvantage from a lack of knowledge of the locality and had as an opponent Capt. Barclay, a British officer of the widest experience who had served under Nelson at Trafalgar.

Statistics of some important naval engagements of history are incomplete, but so far as obtainable they show that no single ship in history ever lost in fighting so large a percentage of her crew as Perry's flag ship, the "Lawrence." Every brace and bow line on the vessel was shot away, every gun was rendered useless, and it was possible to count on a man's fingers the members of the crew who remained uninjured. Bullets passed through the clothing of both Perry and his twelve-year-old brother, who stood on the deck with him.

Many distinguishing traits in Perry's character were strikingly exemplified during the fitting out of the squadron, whose victory was recorded by the most terse message in American history: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The foresight of the commander was shown by his choice of Erie as the port for the construction and embarkation of his fleet. The position was well-nigh impregnable from the lake, by reason of the fact that the water was too shallow to permit of the approach of any vessels bearing heavy ordnance. Perry's ingenuity was exemplified by the origin of the plan which he employed to float his vessels over the very bar which had served as a safeguard from attack.

The lack of support which Perry received from official sources would have tried a more amiable temper than his. So long as energetic action seemed the only requirement, the officer supplied it, making hurried trips to Pittsburg and Buffalo, on which he endured many hardships, in order to look after supplies. When, however, his difficulties seemed attributable purely to official negligence, the commander lost his temper, and at one time asked to be removed from Lake Erie.

In several different instances the position in which Perry was placed with reference to fellow officers found an almost exact counterpart during the Spanish-American war. After the "Constitution" captured the "Guerriere," Lieutenant Charles Morris was promoted two grades for gallant service in the action. Perry was one of those over whose head he was promoted, but far from showing any jealousy, he called upon Morris and congratulated him. Perry's own experiences, however, when he was the favored one, were far from pleasant. Capt. Elliot, his second in command at the battle of Lake Erie, never during his life ceased his efforts to besmirch Perry's reputation in the hope of gaining credit for the victory, and it was also a service quarrel which forced Perry to become a participant in a duel, in which, however, he acted in a thoroughly generous and manly fashion.

Strong force of character was possessed by Perry in an unusual degree. He held himself aloof from the dissipation which was the ruination of so many promising young naval officers of the period, and his conversation was, save on rare occasions, free from profanity. His reverential attitude toward religious matters was repeatedlv attested in his dispatches, as, for instance, when he wrote after the battle of Lake Erie: "It has pleased the Almighty to give the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies."

Perry's possession of a temper, prone at times to become almost violent, must be admitted. Indeed, in the early years of his service in the Mediterranean he first attracted the attention of Commodore Rogers by a complaint regarding the lack of observance on board the flagship of the customary mode of receiving officers of his rank.

The element of personal popularity

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which he possessed served him to good purpose in the campaign on Lake Erie, for it first drew to him the best men in the Newport squadron, the command of which he had but just relinquished, and later acted as an inspiration to stimulate the men to their best efforts when it became necessary that the work of fitting out the new squadron should proceed with all possible haste.

Like many of the personages of history, Perry accomplished much of his best work in the face of constant bodily discomfort. He was in ill health during the entire campaign on Lake Erie, and yet on one occasion when the fleet was being fitted out he did not close his eyes in sleep for fifty-two hours. Superficial historical record has in some instances classified Perry as a man of a single accomplishment. Manifestly, it is an injustice. The officer died at so early an age that many of the possibilities of his character were not unfolded, but his service, both preceding and following the Erie campaign, was not only creditable, but strongly indicative of the possession of ability of a high order.

WALDON FAWCETT.

Washington, D. C.

THE MODEL.

WITHOUT, an ill-natured, worrying wind made at and tossed about the light, new-fallen snow, buffeting the scudding swirls across the paving and routing the hiding drifts from the corners. The heavy cornice and window embrasures of the old Art School building on the corner were an especial delight, and many a cutting blast and furtive slap of snow did he dispense to travelers from this vantage.

Within, at the top of this building a long, low room stretched under the skylight—the life room. The inevitable crowd of students were grouped about the inevitable model, and the inevitable smell of paint and oil and turpentine was potent in the warm, heavy atmosphere. Upon the grey walls were fastened drawings, sketches, studies from life, blocked-in pieces, finished heads,—work which had met the Master's approval; a head by a girl of remarkable promise, who had finished the course—and married; a study in action, a few rough charcoal strokes, the early work of a young fellow whose Salon picture, his first, this year had a "Mention;" and a deal more, prosaic as daily life; tender to those who knew them, with a little minor accompaniment of association; or fresh with a vigorous touch of promise.

It was a woman's class, and the circle of girls about the model stand sloped down like an irregular amphitheatre, the outer edge perched on high stools before their easels, a lower tier in front of them; and in the inner circle, seated on low chairs, the workers bent over canvases propped against other chairs, and peered up at the statue, the life-holding, passion-holding statue; epitome of the tragedies and mirths, of the hugged illusions and heart grovelings, this bitter-sweet Life we rail at and cling to; the *model*, a problem of lines and planes, of form and color.

The girls conversed briskly as they worked. Badinage and laughter were frequent. A few dissatisfied ones, absorbed in their difficulties, bore the student mark, strained intent lines, on their faces. The most hopeless canvases were set before complacent maidens who dabbed and brushed serenely at the impossible lineaments, working the hard outlines to a still smoother sleekness. All awaited the coming of the Master at eleven o'clock for criticism.

The model held the pose, immobile as the sphinx, under the centering focus of eyes. The man's face, refined in outline, with a wavering uncertainty of expression upon the undecisive features, was turned upward toward the sky-light. The strong white light beat cruelly upon the pale, weak eyes, which swam in a mist of protesting tears. It was a "head"

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class and the blue army overcoat and white rag of a bandage about the head gave "color" and "interest" to the pose. The Master said: "It is not that they will learn more, but only to make a more agreeable study. But that coat,—ah, it is delicious! The grays, the greens, the blues—what color!"

The soul-sick face, with its mockery of physical wound above and memoir of savagery and privation beneath, turned to the cold, revealing light a dreary tragedy of its own—the monotonous, commonplace, pitiful tragedy of Failure. Physical faintness, mental faintness, moral faintness,—all were stamped in the lethargy of the wan, weary outlines. It was as a blurred resemblance, a delicate instrument blunted. In short, it was evident that the man had once been a very different being.

The keynote of his story, to be brief, was ambition. In his youth it knew no bounds. A fickle fortune brought him early success. He painted incessantly—ravenously. His every thought was given to, his life was bounded by, his work. The spur, the intoxication of recognition seemed to plunge him into a frenzy of purpose.

Then with a jarring twitch the implacable wheel swung on, and the inconstant goddess forced upon him defeat, utter and hopeless. The gathering veil before the overstrained eyes dropped suddenly in a smothering blackness. He was dazed, stunned. He could not believe it; he did not believe it. "It will pass," he assured himself painfully, twenty times in a day. And so his friends assured him with kindly intent, and after a period of condolence went their ways. And so his occulist assured him with a dubious light in his eye. And the black annihilation of sight did pass, and the grey, blurred light crept back. But with the dull, cold twilight, a dull, cold fear settled upon him which froze into a certainty. The world of light, the rich, warm, breathing world of color would never again be his, never—*never*.

Those to whom it has been given to stand where he stood know what now he was. To others can never be given a conception of the horrors which held him. His earth was moved to its foundations, shattered, ruined. His all was gone.

At this period his artist friends and acquaintances (others he hardly had) became accustomed to the colorless face and deep sunken, peering eyes of a restless, flitting figure, wandering from studio to studio, saying little, whom they designated as "poor Hapgood." They tolerated him for the sake of what he had been and because they were unpractical people of impulse and sympathies. This outwardly passive "page of past history" as a coarse *confrère* had dubbed him, was within, a seething incarnation of the most acute torments superhuman ingenuity could devise—he had given himself so completely, so utterly to this one thing. The combination of brain tissues which make the artist, the mental craving which transformed his devotion to a worship, clamored and pleaded for its sustenance. It would not be gainsaid, it would not be quieted, and it turned upon itself until deadened by its own excess. The minor pin pricks, the nagging stings inseparable to his position were an intolerable agony to the quivering nerves.

Then the uncertain mouth and the undefined chin asserted themselves. He wavered, he bowed, and then sank. The studio was long gone, and, as is characteristic of his kind, he had made no provision for contingencies. He dropped from the charity and the knowledge of his associates. In another city he became of the flotsam and jetsam. Spasmodic pangs would set him a-struggling, but these grew less frequent. An apathy amounting to callousness took possession of his mind, and for his physical necessity alone he worked. That the tide of destiny bearing his personality on a floating straw was soon to cast it from the sea of life would have been apparent to the skilled observer.

After the long hours of his day pose were over he would pass the time until his evening engagement at a down-town life class in the lower part of the city, in places where there was light and warmth,—a half sick, half blind, thinly clad lounger. This last to inure the body to the temperature of studios. The night before he had climbed the three flights of stairs which led to three hours of the

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Hades of Tantalus and three dollars. The pose was a hard one, the students exacting, and he reached his lodgings on the verge of nervous and physical exhaustion. He did not sleep. How could he sleep? He painted. He drew. "Out of pose," he cried. "A little more to the left." And then impatiently, "Hold the pose, hold the pose!"

He was haggard when he entered the deserted room at the top of the Art School building the following morning. He stopped before one canvas and looked hard. It was fresher, better than the others, and it caught his filmy vision. As he started the thing took form, the colors cleared, and before his bewildered gaze the study stood much as it did to the eyes of students and master.

He was hardly surprised. An instinct of his mind began a critical examination of the piece. "Merely blocked in, true, but a good start. There's life in the thing, and truth and color. That shadow tint is fine. She's done what she saw. H'm—. It's worth finishing."

His fingers twitched. He grasped the palette and brushes. With a firm hand he worked, mixing, laying on tints with a sure touch and seeing eye. It grew; it changed. From an excellent study of a model in an army overcoat, with a bandage about his head, it became a soldier; a home-sick soldier with the reek of battle still upon him, a face grey with the approaching mystery, pinched and pallid in the stress of suffering and emotion, —grim endurance, weary longing, aching despair, and a dumb patience.

He was painting himself into the thing. The bold, daring technique,—vivid touches melting into sombre mysterious shades, vibrating combinations of color which seemed the only fit voice for the stirred depths of long stagnant, smothered-up instincts and desires. And what an infinite woe looked forth from the living canvas! the heart life unconsciously exposed by each relentless stroke.

The first student arrived. He did not hear her. His restored birth-right held every sense. It was the girl to whom the canvas belonged. She stopped spellbound. New arrivals she hushed, and they spoke in whispers, a wondering group.

"It is wonderful!"

"What color!"

"That face—it hurts you, doesn't it!" said a slight, soft-eyed girl.

"Would you ever have guessed it? He's an artist."

A footstep sounded behind them, and a new voice exclaimed:

"Oh, Marion, he's spoiled your head! It is not in the least like the model now!"

The man faced the startled group, wheeling about as doomed men bullet felled sometimes do, a glitter in his eyes like nothing human; the steely glare of a famished beast; the glowering *spirit* looking forth from one possessed.

The fascination was mutual. With wide open eyes, parted lips, shoulders drooping forward in the relaxation of complete lack of self-consciousness, the girls stared back at the strangely transformed model. The unlucky interrupter, with no art in her soul, was dumb. Perhaps her tardy understanding had grasped what her undeveloped sense of the artistic failed to convey.

He spoke. His voice was low but passionately intense.

"Spoiled! Spoiled! You say it! What do you know of Art, what an artist puts in his work, what he feels and suffers? You make it an amusement, a plaything, a toy of the day!" With a hopeless gesture, "How can *you* paint this thing? How can *you* paint pain and helplessness and loneliness!"

He paused, and the demanding insistence died away as he followed an inward evolution of thought. He did not speak to them again. He seemed not to see them, and his voice fell with intonations that were almost sobs:

"Art—my father—my mother—my child—my life—"

Slower, with surcharged weight the words faltered on, "To paint—to paint! Oh my God!—"

He was looking again upon his work, and as he looked it was a blur of colors and he could not see.

Mechanically he grasped a paint bedaubed rag lying upon the stool, and with deliberate movements he passed it back and forth across the canvas as a schoolboy erases a sum. The work of ruin wrought, he turned with pale

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blinking eyes and an uncertain smile, saying,

"Ladies, you will please excuse me. And tell Professor Stearn I can not pose. I—am not well."

With still the half apologetic smile on his apathetic face he passed the group and disappeared down the stairway.

D. E. KESSLER.

San Diego, Calif.

MOSSES FROM THE SEA.

YOU who love the sea and the outdoors and all that is fair and wonderful in plant life, have you ever thought of the exquisitely beautiful flora which the sea nurtures in her ample water gardens? It may be that you have found some delicate and charming sprays far up on the hot sand or stones of the beach, and that they have arrested your attention and caused you to speculate about the home from which they have been torn. If you could go down into the sea gardens where they grow you would find that they have constant care and nurture. The most fragile fronded plants, whose silky branches are as fine as the thinnest cobweb, are handled and tended so gently, that not a fibre is broken or a cell misplaced in the midst of pounding waves, which, with a single blow, would crush iron ships to atoms. The boisterous sea is their home, and though it may seem rough and rude to us, it is never ungentle to them.

If you come to know the beauty and delicacy and grace of these plants, and their names and habits and history, the sea will henceforth have an added charm for you. From every shore you visit you will carry away delicate sprays, and the mementoes will recall the hours spent by the sea, and will repeat the thrill of its mighty presence.

The Atlantic coast is distinguished by two well-marked flora, and the long reach of land known as Cape Cod marks the division between the two. It is probable that this point which projects itself so far out into the sea, has prevented the waters of the great Arctic and equatorial currents from mingling, and so has maintained a marked difference in temperature in the two regions. At all events, the flora of the two regions are distinct; while the plants growing north of Cape Cod are essentially Arctic, the flora south is that of the warmer or temperate seas.

A simple basket or box, with a few newspapers to wrap up and keep separate the different sorts gathered, will do very well for collecting apparatus; although it will be convenient to have a half dozen or so wide-mouthed bottles, each provided with a cork. As the plants are collected, they should be roughly sorted, the coarser varieties being kept separate by the papers in the basket, and the bottles used for the most delicate and fragile forms.

On reaching home the mosses should be "floated out" in dishes of salt water and then be cleaned of any adhering sand or shells with a pair of pliers. Trim away parasites and superfluous branches, and then dip a piece of cardboard into the water and carefully arrange it under the floating plant until the branches are spread out in a satisfactory manner. Then slowly lift the cardboard from the water and arrange details of the delicate parts with a needle. After the "finishing touches," transfer to a drying press, made of blotting or drying paper, upon which is placed a heavy weight.

When perfectly dry, do not forget to write on the back of each paper the exact date and place of collecting.

In mounting, the mosses may be arranged one species on each paper or card, or combined in several different colors and forms on the same paper, or made into "designs," according to the inclination and taste of the collector.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Peace Dale, R. I.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Trusts and a Leisure Class.

In summing up the benefits and evils of the competitive system which we in America are about to discard for the greater benefits and greater evils of the system of trusts, we must not fail to take account of the large number of capable, successful business men who were developed and educated under the stress of active competition, and whose integrity, independence, and sturdy self-reliance have been the mainstay of our commercial world through all its changeful vicissitudes of boom and panic, prosperity and depression, since the close of the Civil War. The strength of a nation is in its men and in the American more than in other nations it has been in its successful merchants and manufacturers, men who have grown up to the management of large interests and industries by creating those interests and industries with their own efforts. How rich our country has grown in men of this type during the last generation may be dimly apprehended when we consider for a moment the recent newspaper census of our millionaires of whom the reporters found 4,982. Of these men it is safe to assume that at least four thousand made their fortunes in legitimate business pursuits, and that a still greater number have been active managers of commercial, banking, or manufacturing institutions in which they have made large investments. If we add to the number of those who have become conspicuous through success, the more numerous body of men who have gained a competence in the active control of their own business enterprises and are still pushing towards larger fields of activity and higher rewards of effort, the riches of the country counted in trained minds and busy intellects, in active, capable, independent human brains, is prodigious, and we may consider all this wealth of mental endowment as the product of competitive industy. What now will be the effect of the consolidation of interests and the formation of trusts upon this large class of aggressive, independent, competitive minds who, with the absorption of their business houses by larger corporations, will cease to be active men of affairs. Some of them will, of course, lose their independence and gravitate into salaried positions in the service of the trusts which buy them out. Others may seek new fields of activity and undertake with enlarged capital to develop some untried industry until a new trust is formed and they are again bought out. Many—how many, recent fluctuations of the stock market in part disclose—have already found congenial and exciting occupation in Wall Street, speculating in the shares of the very trusts they have helped to form. The life history of a manufacturer bought out by a great corporation some years ago will serve as one example from many. A part of the consideration in the sale was the guarantee of a position in the trust's employ for five years, at a salary of five thousand dollars. On reporting for duty after the completion of the sale the ex-manufacturer was informed that he had not yet been assigned employment but that he might call on the company's next pay day. This he did and received a check for his salary, but still no work. After several months of idleness he was advised to take a trip abroad but to keep himself in communication with the management in case they needed him. On his return there was still no vacancy, and wearying of idleness he made a small venture in business of an unfamiliar nature, which proved unprofitable. Then he moved to New York, "made a record" on Wall Street, and losing all taste for legitimate business transactions became a reckless plunger and died insolvent. His career is typical of many another, and the number of mental and moral wrecks which are drifting in the wake of the trusts is already appalling. The outlook for the future has some features which are even

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more discouraging. When the work of consolidating American industries has been completed, and when the present generation of self-trained and self-reliant business men has disappeared, the men who are to take their places must of necessity be trained up in the service of the trusts. Corporation officials, functionaries and clerks will replace the alert, aggressive merchants and manufacturers of today. Individual initiative will die out and corporate responsibility will take its place. How far this process may go and what effect it may have upon the character of the business community it is impossible to predict, but those characteristics which depend upon or are the outgrowth of competition, that terrible mimicry in human affairs of the struggle for existence which goes on all the time in the underworld of animal and plant life, will gradually be modified or will disappear altogether. At the same time there will grow up in America what has not yet been seen here—a leisure class. The sons of living millionaires will have little incentive to follow a business career, since that would mean the filling of subordinate positions and the doing of routine work. Under the political conditions which attend democracy a public career would not be open to them; we may, therefore, look for the growth of an idle and luxury-loving class *pari passu* with the growth of trusts, a class which, lacking the social and political responsibilities of the English gentry and the dignity of landed estates, may be expected to fall below the level of usefulness which European aristocracies have maintained, and to degenerate rapidly with the lapse of time—may be expected to degenerate if the teachings of history are trustworthy, and yet there is no lesson which history teaches us so clearly as the old one that it is never safe to dogmatize.

Fiscal and Foreign Policies The "sovereign American people" have so long been accustomed to making laws "without regard to any other nation," that a notice from the Russian Government of an imposition of additional duties on our machinery in retaliation for our Government's discrimination against Russian sugar was received with astonishment in Washington. Similar notice for similar cause served by the Italian Government was treated as a joke. What, a dago with such impudence! The return of the Canadian "High Commissioners" to their own country without a satisfactory adjustment of differences was an event of trifling consequence to the American law-maker, and the failure of a number of reciprocity treaties to receive the consideration of the Senate was simply a matter of course. American laws, tariff and otherwise, are made to suit American constituencies. What have they to do with abroad? A clever writer, Mr. Brooks Adams, in a recent magazine article, ventures to question this traditional American attitude and invites us to contemplate the dire consequences of persistence in a policy of successful rivalry with European nations for foreign trade while excluding our competitors from equal privileges in the home market. "Reciprocity or war" is the text of his sermon, and very threatening indeed are the dangers which he foresees. A coalition of European powers against us was, it seems, actually "contemplated" in 1898, and was abandoned only "through uncertainty as to the neutrality of England." "To carry out an aggressive policy in some security the United States needs 300,000 trained men whom she can put in the field in twenty days, with an ample reserve of officers and of material. She needs well fortified coasts and colonies, and an effective transport service. More especially she needs a navy."

By an "aggressive policy" Mr. Adams means not so much our familiar "shirt sleeve diplomacy" in foreign affairs—that might be tolerated; but what hurts Europe most is our unfeeling prosperity. That enormous trade balance of six hundred millions in favor of Uncle Sam is where the shoe pinches, and if it continues Europe will be face to face with bankruptcy within ten years, and then—the cataclysm! But Mr. Adams forgets. There is another side to the picture. Uncle Sam has a gracious way of repaying little favors of the trade balance order, and thus matters adjust themselves. If

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the balance of trade rolls our way the balance of travel rolls theirs, and the dollars which they pay for our wheat and pork and cotton our wives and daughters invest in Paris gowns and Berlin haberdashery. These do not appear in the Treasury statistics, but they come home in the trunks and are paid for in good American gold. Then too consider the number of forlorn and impecunious noblemen Uncle Samuel has wived and given a new start in life with a smart dowry. It takes a pretty good balance of trade, to say nothing of good looking daughters, to square up that account. If the capitalists are sore they have a chance to invest in our trust stocks—and the more water the better they like them. As a last resort there are our benevolent millionaires. What Carnegie has done for Scotland may be repeated in Germany and France whenever a coalition threatens and so "peace with honor" may be preserved without an immense standing army or an overwhelming fleet—if we really wish to preserve it—but do we? There's the rub! Senator Lodge and Vice President Roosevelt and Mr. Brooks Adams are responsible for that question mark.

The Ohio Democratic Convention

The meeting of a state convention of either party is not usually an event of great significance outside the particular state in which it is held; but the Ohio Democrats this year managed to attract the attention of the general public by the omission of any resolution endorsing Mr. Bryan or his platform of free silver coinage. The change of wind was at once felt in the office of "The Commoner," which published a full first page editorial condemning the convention's want of courage and disclaiming further political ambition on the part of its editor. Other journalists and politicians felt the breeze and hastened to put themselves on record for or against the course of the convention, with the result that a large element of the Democrat party in the South and Middle West was found to be opposed to further currency agitation, and the prospect of the party's return to sound economic principles was measurably enhanced. This is as it should be. Americans of both parties may rejoice that the issue in the next political campaign will not threaten the business stability and commercial honor of the nation. There are political issues to be decided of such grave importance to the welfare of the people, that it is especially gratifying to be permitted to believe that they may be decided upon their own merits and without reference to the eternal currency question which has so long disturbed American politics. Statesmen may now bend their mental energies toward the solution of the trust problem, the problems of expansion, of colonial policy, of taxation, etc., with some hope that their conclusions will receive the attention of voters, and will not be discounted by the general fear of a fifty cent dollar. *Requiescat* "16 to 1."

Sampson and Schley

The appearance of the third volume of Maclay's "History of the American Navy" with its intemperate attack upon Admiral Schley was the occasion of that officer's application for a court of inquiry. The alacrity with which his application was accepted betrays an eagerness on the part of the Navy Department to tell what it knows, and incidentally to have the whole question reviewed by a competent board so that the facts at least in the controversy may be fully established. It is well known, however, that courts of inquiry are not always impartial, and it is equally well known that the editor of every newspaper in the country is as infallible as the Pope. We are prepared therefore to see the integrity of the court questioned in advance and its finding disputed by every learned quill-driver who wasn't there when Cervera made his memorable dash from Santiago harbor on that Sunday in July three years ago, but who knows more about it than anybody who was there. The fact is that the editors, and presumably the public, have already judged the case, and the assembling of the court will serve no useful purpose except that of opening the editorial flood-gates once more, and of setting forth what Tom, Dick, and Harry

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have already announced many times as the finding of the court of last resort—their own private opinions. A civil suit may grow out of the affair and in this Admiral Schley will have the support of all right-minded citizens, for whatever we may think of his conduct before Santiago the abuse which "Historian" Maclay heaped upon him was unbecoming a gentleman and wholly indefensible in a book claiming to give the sober truth of history. If adequate reparation is not offered Mr. Maclay should be condemned to read all the editorials on the Sampson-Schley controversy printed in the New York Journal since the victory, and if this does not work a change of heart, his case is hopeless.

Buffoonery and the Lyric Stage.

We who have reached middle life remember with regret the simple and tasteful productions of English and Italian operas which we witnessed in years gone by and for which we paid the moderate prices then in vogue. Grand opera has become in recent years a luxury for those who like to pay great prices for costly stage settings and high-salaried artists. In the garden theaters to be found in most of our cities, summer opera companies now give light operas under conditions more resembling those of former years. We attend these performances and join with gusto in the fun and laughter of the modern plays; but when a favorite of our youth is revived and reproduced we are startled into a reflective mood. We remember the furor there was over "Pinafore" in its day and how the critics reviled it while we comfortably tolerated its absurdities and enjoyed its fun. From "Pinafore" to "Erminie" was a long step downward, and we knew there must be a limit to this sort of thing. It came swiftly in the craze for vaudeville, which was nine parts buffoonery and one part art, and which for a time drove light opera from the boards. But now there is a revival of the lyric drama, and we are able to make comparisons with the days of old. We were present the other evening at a performance of "Fra Diavolo" in one of our summer theaters. The musical rendering was excellent, there was enough of scenery and costuming to produce the necessary illusion, and the principal actors knew their parts and gave them with spirit; but the ear-marks of "Pinafore," "The Mascot," "Erminie," and something worse were over all the performance, and we saw at once how far public taste had degenerated in a quarter of a century. The mingled impressions of music of the old-school, romantic plot, and low comedy acting were painful enough in themselves, but there was a vulgar realism in the staging of the second act which we thought must be shocking to any person of refinement; and yet in an audience of average intelligence and self respect the number of tittering women and guffawing men showed that the scene was not objectionable. An English gentleman who sat near remarked as we dispersed: "The level of appreciation on this side is not very high," and we were forced to admit that he spoke the truth.

The Author of "Festus"

To have written at the age of twenty an epic which met with general recognition, to have been forgotten for two generations, and at the age of eighty-five to have received in token of remembrance the degree of doctor of laws from his *alma mater*, the Glasgow University, was the unusual fate of Philip James Bailey. "Festus," the poem which he wrote, is one of the curiosities of English literature. Had the author been gifted with powers of expression equal to his metaphysics, or had he been content to harness himself to the treadmill of patient, toilsome effort, he might have produced a poem which would have been counted among the masterpieces of English verse. Lofty in conception, faulty in construction, rugged in execution, "Festus" is still a poem which should not be overlooked either by the student of nineteenth century philosophy or by the prowler in by-paths of literature. It contains passages of rare poetical beauty, majestic imagery, profound suggestiveness, and yet both its form and content render it a sealed book to the average reader.

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RAMBLES OUT OF DOORS—SEPTEMBER.

DISMANTLING THE WOODS.

Nature's Seed Time. With the beginning of autumn the work of Nature for the year is practically complete. The new forms of life which have been produced during the spring and summer have, for the most part, come to maturity, and it remains only for Nature to plant her seeds for the coming spring, and to dispose of the waste and worn-out material which has already served its purpose, and of which she no longer has need.

In the planting of seeds Nature's greatest distributing agent is the wind. A great many of the flowers long ago discovered who was their greatest benefactor among the various agencies of the natural world. They found out that the winds of heaven went wandering everywhere, even where bird or man or beast was never known to penetrate; and so they made themselves wings and entrusted themselves to the care of the winds, that they might be transported wherever it pleased them best. Touch the white top of a dandelion or thistle or milkweed or golden-rod stalk ever so gently, and a score of little white downy balloons, each with a tiny seed basket attached, spread themselves out on the passing breeze, and are carried hither and thither until they finally lodge in some distant nook or corner of their own limited world.

The trees of the forest too, have learned the secret, and the seeds of the pines and the elms and the maples have provided themselves with little fan-like attachments, that the winds of summer and autumn may have no excuse for passing them by. In the case of some trees, however, it is impossible for the fruit to adapt itself to the great seed distributer, the wind, and in these cases Nature's other carriers are pressed into service. The beasts, birds, and insects innumerable, each and all play their part in the most important of all Nature's undertakings —the replenishing of the Earth.

Nourished by Decay. Before September is over the disintegration of the worn-out material in Nature has already set in. The leaves have began to turn, and in some cases to fall, and in the vegetable world signs of decay are evident everywhere. There is nothing in the woods and fields at this season which attracts attention so persistently as the different varieties of fungi. On whatever side we turn, we are sure to meet with new and unexpected groups, colors, shapes, forms, and conditions of fungoid life, which cannot fail from time to time to excite our wonder and curiosity. The first thing that we must inevitably observe is that these fungi are forms of life that are always associated with decay. They are, in fact, the direct agents of Nature in hastening the decomposition of decaying vegetable matter, finding their food in the rotting stump or the fallen tree or the soil which contains in itself the elements of vegetable mould. To the majority of people the origin and nature of the different kinds of fungi is mysterious, and it is a matter of surprise to them to learn that all varieties of fungoid growths are propagated by means of minute spores or seeds, which are carried from place to place by the wind, and which are ready to take root, should they fall into favorable soil, much in the same way as seeds of flowers.

Mushroom and Toadstool. One of the commonest questions with respect to fungi is, "How shall I distinguish between the edible and the poisonous varieties?" Or. as it is more

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commonly put, "How shall I distinguish a mushroom from a toadstool?" In answer to this inquiry only a few general cautions can be given. The common mushroom (agaricus compestris) can, in general, be distinguished from other varieties by remembering that:

1. It is not set into a cup or ring at the base.
2. Its underparts, or gills, are pink.
3. There is a collar or ring, half way up the stem.
4. It is not found in the woods.

In distinguishing the edible and harmless varieties of fungi from the poisonous, the following must in general be regarded with suspicion:

1. Those which are set in a cup or ring at the base.
2. Those which are found growing on wood.
3. Those which change rapidly to a blue color when bruised or broken.
4. Those which have a strong, unpleasant odor.
5. Those which are highly colored.

Why do the Leaves Fall?

The question is often asked in autumn, "Why do the leaves fall?" I have read somewhere that Nature makes provision for their fall in the process by which they are renewed. The new leaf, it is stated, appears in exactly the same place as the old, and as the germ of the bud is already beginning to develop in the fall, in the natural course of its growth it pushes off the old leaf. In support of this theory it is stated that the leaves of a dead branch obviously do not fall, for the simple reason that no new leaf develops.

This argument is, however, incorrect, and both premises and conclusion are at fault. In the first place, the new leaves do not come in exactly the same place as the old, and, in the second place, the falling of the leaf is rather a process of decay than a process of new growth. It is caused simply by the contraction or shrivelling up of the double row of cells at the junction of the leaf-stalk and the branch, so that the end of the leaf-stalk and the end of the twig become rounded in surface instead of flat, and the leaf can not do anything but fall. In case of a branch broken off, the whole thing dies and the natural contraction or shrivelling does not take place. In case also of some species of oak in which the shrivelling does not properly take place, the leaves, instead of being pushed off by the new buds, according to the false theory, remain on the tree through the winter and well into the next season.

The Latest Attractions.

I often think that our autumn glories of foliage are simply Nature's compensation for the bareness and barrenness of the earth itself; for, although in early autumn the golden-rod and all varieties of wild aster make the hillsides and woods gay with their profusion, nevertheless before the leaves have turned, these flowers have almost wholly disappeared, leaving woodland and meadow practically without other adornment than the splendor of the autumn leaves.

But, nevertheless, in the absence of the flowers, I find many other things that are curiously attractive. On every side mushrooms and toadstools and fungi of all kind luxuriate in the damp autumn weather. On the slope of the hill too, the sumach has become ripe and its scarlet, deeper and richer than anything else in the landscape, is, to say the least, a delight to the eye. In the bog the skunk cabbage with its seeds curiously imbedded in a mass of pulp, and the wild parsnip, tall and spindling beside it, is certain to attract. At the fringe of the wood among the moss and ferns I espy the trailing vine and the pretty red fruit of the squawberry or stop to pluck a late herb-robert or admire the purple clumps of berries on the dogwood. In the moist and shaded wood the scarlet Indian-turnip proves an unfailing attraction. Close at hand, under the beech-trees, I find the sickly-looking beech-drop and turn from it to examine a snowwhite bough that is covered with curious feathery insects—the beech aphidal; and on the hilltop the haws, both the yellow and the red, still protected by an army of spikes and thorns, are sure to tempt the curiosity of the passer-by.

ORLANDO J. STEVENSON.

St. Thomas, Ontario.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.

Herod, Stephen Phillips.

Once more English readers have that rare thing — a new drama that is also good literature. Setting aside the formal considerations of dramatic art, there is an abundance of interest in this tragedy for the most uncritical reader or audience. It is interesting for its historic setting, for its narrative, and for its literary power.

The prominent person of the play is that Herod who reigned in Palestine at the time of the birth of Christ. At fifteen years of age he was made ruler of Galilee by Julius Cæsar; at twenty he ruled Judea and other provinces; at twenty-two he was made King. As a king he displayed ability and dignity; but was reckless of human life. He was an Idurnean, but married Mariamne of the Maccabean race, so deeply venerated by the Jews. Under pressure of political jealousies he put to death Mariamne, her three sons, her father, some of his own family, and the infants of Bethlehem. Herod is noted for the public improvements and the magnificent buildings he created throughout his kingdom, particularly the new and gorgeous temple at Jerusalem.

The play thrills with dramatic intensity. The plot is simple, clear, and vigorous in conception. Herod is seen in the rising tide of ambition and power. He loves the beautiful Mariamne with a wild passion that involves every purpose of life. The queen is not less bound by the fervor of affection, but sustains her love with truth and devotion. Notwithstanding this, Herod's councilors, his mother, and his sister so work upon his political fears that he causes Aristobulus, the young and beloved brother of the queen, to be secretly drowned. Immediately afterward he goes away to transfer his allegiance from the fallen Antony to the triumphant young Cæsar. While he is gone Mariamne pierces the mystery of her brother's death and becomes an inconsolable mourner. When Herod returns he jubilantly seeks the queen to tell her of his successful treaty with Cæsar and of his elevation to unimagined power. To his chagrin she repels him and bitterly denounces him for his ruthless murder of her brother. His beseeching is in vain. Treachery had turned love into denunciation. Cypros and Salome, mother and sister to the King, wrought upon him by nameless falsehood till he gave a reluctant consent to her death. Ere the king had time to recall the order Mariamne died by poison. The regretful king spent much time in other parts of his dominions. Longing for the beautiful face, he refused to believe her dead, and returned to the palace. When, at last, after the fruitless efforts of his people to divert his mind, he madly insists upon the appearance of Mariamne, her embalmed body is carried in and placed before the throne. Stepping to her side the king lays his finger on her forehead; then he stands motionless, his eyes staring and sightless. The cataleptic trance binds him in an ever-during rigidity. Heralds cry that new dominions have been granted him by Cæsar. But no cry can wake him. He stands by the side of her who had loved him, whose life he had blasted and extinguished,—a witness to the paralysis that falls upon the soul when it has violated the laws of the spirit.

But this play yields its richest interest when we consider its literary qualities—the form and style of its portrayal and interpretation of the inner human life. The characters do and say things in a way to enchain the attention. The very thoughts and feelings of men blaze in color between the lines.

When Herod's councilors are bodingly discussing the acclamations of the people for young Aristobulus, one of them says:

> And all behind him is
> A sense of something coming on the world,

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A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
A singing of dead poets from their graves.

What a picture of the elements and traditions that kept the Jewish populace in a perpetual ferment of national pride and hope!

When Mariamne leads Aristobulus to Herod to thank him for making the youth High Priest, she expresses her wise love for her husband and her loyalty to her brother and people in these words:

We three are bound unto each other more:
With him the rites of peace, with thee the sword,
With me a reconciling love for both.

The deep-seated spiritual union of her heart with her brother's is told in the lines:

O, thou art holy, child;
About thee is the sound of rushing wings
And a breathing as of angels thro' thy hair.

And again:

Remember me. I am so wrapped in thee;
My love hath hovered around thee since thy birth.
I have suffered like a mother in my dreams for thee.

Contrasted with this is the light thrown upon Herod's nature. Old Cypros and her daughter, Salome, were meditating revenge and how to compass it. Cypros hints to Salome a possible line of action:

Remember Herod's love—
That madness—easy to be worked upon—
For Mariamne. Then her love, how deep,
For young Aristobulus. . . . . .
Remember Herod's rage
At acclamations on her brother heaped;
Remember the set teeth and veiled glare.

To which Salome replied:

Oh—I begin to see!

And then we have another—the lover's—view of the king. In that last love scene before Herod's departure, after telling Mariamne that he was going to match himself against Rome and that he delighted in great difficulties, she answers:

And most for this I love you and have loved,
That when you wooed, behind you cities crashed.
Those eyes that dimmed for me flamed in the breach,
And you were scorched and scarred and dressed in spoils,
Magnificent in livery of ruin.
You swept denial off and all delay,
You rushed on me like fire, and a wind drove you,
Thou who didst never fear, Herod, my Herod.
Now clasp me again as thou didst clasp me then,
When like a hundred lightning brands upsprung
In the night sudden. Then did you laugh out
And whirled me like a God through the dark away.

Under the spur of love the ambition of the man flows to extravagant lengths:

HEROD. The towered world;
And we, we two will grasp it. We will burst
Out of the East unto the setting sun.
MAR. Thou art a man!
HEROD. With thee, will be a God.
Now stand we on the hill in red sunrise.
MAR. Now hand in hand into the morning.
HEROD. Ever
Upward and upward—ever hand in hand.

The poet has finely presented the searching, convicting gaze of innocence into the face of guilt and violated conscience by the passage relating Sohemus's confession to the murder:

MAR. Look into my eyes.
Will you not? Kings have gazed in them.
SOH. O, queen!
I am dazed; thy beauty takes away my life and being.

. . . . . .

MAR. You have been true to Herod?
SOH. O, until death.
MAR. Yes, unto death, Sohemus;
Start not away.
SOH. O, queen, I cannot stir.
I am held as in a dream.

. . . . . .

MAR. A necessary death then. Was it so?
SOH. What shall I say?
MAR. The truth. I know it now.
This child was murdered.
SOH. Murdered?
MAR. They came round
And held him under, and great bubbles rose.
Now by this beauty can you answer No?
SOH. I—I—I cannot.
MAR. Go.
Ah, Herod, Herod!

More powerful still is her condemnation of Herod after his return from Cæsar. She reproaches him with the murder:

You like a tiger purred about me. Oh!
Your part it was to soothe and hush me while
He gasped beneath their hands—your hands—
O, yes,

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You were not near; 'twas yours to kiss and lie—
But none the less your hands were round his throat.
Oh, liar!
. . . . . .
You forest beast.
. . . . . .
Back and in the jungle burn
Whence you did leap out at my brother's throat.
Can you deny your part in this? O, subtle!
Half suitor and half strangler, with one arm
About the sister's neck, the other hand
About the brother's throat.

The masterly wit and force of Herod finds exemplification when the Jewish mob, led by priests and plotters, breaks into the palace to avenge Aristobulus. They batter down the gates, the doors, and faithful Sohemus. Herod, speeding to the stairway, demands the cause of their tumult. A messenger had been despatched for a company of soldiers in order that the mob might be secretly surrounded. The leaders of the mob charge him with various offenses, and taunt him with the death of his favorite, Antony, and the supremacy of Cæsar. With winning promises and a bold spirit of triumph he meets them:

'Tis true that Antony's dead.
'Tis true that Cæsar lives. And I this very day
Have come from grasping Cæsar's hand, and him
I now have grappled to my side as once
I grappled Antony. I have sold you to the Roman.
Now hearken with what gifts I come from Rome.
Henceforward in all cities which Rome sways
Freedom to each Jew by our ancient law,
(murmurs of satisfaction)
So long as I reign o'er you and my heirs.
Then, leave to adore the God of Israel—
(renewed murmurs of gratitude)
As long as I reign o'er you and my heirs.
Last, in all cities under Roman rule,
The heavy hand of persecution
Upon our people shall be lifted up
And all our burdens lightened from hence forth—
So long as I rule o'er you and my heirs.

Finally he declares his intention "to build a vaster Temple and more glorious," and gives orders for its construction under the management of their own priests. This tickling of the national pride elicits a burst of applause, and then comes the stroke of victory:

Now I come down among you.
Here's my breast.
Now strike who wills. Does any hesitate?
Why, such a blow as this none ever struck
Since the beginning of the world:
For he who strikes this breast strikes at a city;
Who stabs at this heart, stabs at a kingdom.
These veins are rivers, and these arteries
Are very roads. This body is your country.
Strike—Strike—Strike! None of you?

And the cowed people move back into the armed ranks. Antony's celebrated speech over Julius Cæsar is fairly rivaled by this delineation of Herod's boldness and thrilling personal courage.

For extravagant poetic imagery, few instances can be found more noticeable than Herod's dream of the Temple. Though half insane from his memories of the dead Mariamne, his intellect is yet marvelously acute and aspiring in matters of State:

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter glory to the sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There the first beam shall strike and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
And flashings upon faces without hope—
And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven.

The play is well furnished with meritorious passages. Fragments do not convey its richness of quality. It is a dramatic poem which the reader enjoys. Its *personae* are distinct in action and character. The moods of ambition, love, jealousy, fidelity, and hate are vividly painted. The versification is quite regular, the style is direct, natural, fluent, and energetic. "Herod" is a piece of true literature; and the reader lays the book aside with a determination to read more from the pen of Stephen Phillips, whose working days, let us hope, will reach far into the future. (New York: John Lane.)

Gallatian, Mo. ALBERT R. ALEXANDER.

Chess, Strategics, F. A. Young

This volume forms the last of a remarkable series of books on chess by Franklin K. Young. In order to understand it at all, it is necessary to have studied the

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preceding writings of this author, "Minor Tactics," "Grand Tactics," and "Major Tactics." The writer endeavors to explain the management of the chess game in its entirety as from the standpoint of the commander-in-chief. He explains how games have been won by great players and where their weakness lay. In the appendix he gives a novel and interesting representation of the Battle of Waterloo as played on the chessboard, which is well worth studying. The series will remain a monument to Mr. Young's ingenuity and tireless perseverance.

(Boston: Little, Brown and Company.)

DR. A. H. MARVIN.

Cleveland.

Autobiography of a Journalist, William James Stillman

"Since that time every friend I then had is gone where I must soon follow." These closing words of Mr. Stillman's preface to his "Autobiography" have now the final touch of pathos pertaining to mortal things for he, too, has recently heard and obeyed the inexorable voice calling out of the unseen. Happily, the two volumes in which he has told the story of his unusually varied life were finished in time for him to enjoy the assurances from many sources that they are accounted an offering of lasting value and interest to the literature of the period. Few men have in threescore and ten years touched life at so many points of observation and occupation, or so frankly and with less self-consciousness given personal account of the experiences gained in a busy, cosmopolitan career. He has made an interesting contribution to the psychology of heredity and borne witness to the permanence of impressions made upon the plastic nature of childhood in the introductory chapters which treat of ancestry, the household of which he was a member, and the influences most keenly felt in boyhood days and college life. Mr. Stillman's instinctive aspirations were for the life of the artist, but he will be remembered, not as the painter it was his dream to be, but as the art critic, the diplomat, and the journalist. For his work in these professions he won honorable mention in two hemispheres. His early friendship with the literary circle of Cambridge and his intimate companionship with the members of the Adirondack Club furnish material for reminiscences of intense interest concerning the creative minds of New England's Golden Age in letters. The account of his travels and literary acquaintance in Europe and of his increase of knowledge concerning official methods and human nature in general during his consulates in Rome and Crete are entertaining alike for personal information and political views. The last fifteen chapters of the "Autobiography" describe the work done by Mr. Stillman as correspondent for the London "Times" from 1871 onward, which work took him into the region of the battle grounds on which Turkey strove to confirm her misrule over wretched and rebellious subjects or to maintain herself against Russian arms. An account of extended travels in the Levant and of Italian politics in the latter part of Humbert's reign bring to a close the contents of the large and well-made volumes. Throughout the conversational tone is very attractive, even when we feel that we should not have agreed, wholly or even in part, with the sentiments of the writer on certain subjects or at certain occurrences. It would have been a pity if the two portraits, one taken in 1856, the other in 1900, had been omitted as Mr. Stillman would have preferred. The earlier one is a drawing by Rowse, and Lowell's remark concerning it is a just tribute to the charm of the picture and brings us, besides, the very sound of Lowell's voice, "You have nothing to do for the rest of your life but to try to look like it."

(Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

Every Man His Own Way, Edith Wyatt.

Chicago has its own especial classic now and should proudly prize the possession. "Every One His Own Way," a collection of storiettes of the instantaneous photographic order, sets forth with a touch original, crisp, playful, yet tender, life as it is lived in that city by the German, the Jew, and a certain kind of American pure and simple, in association

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with his mother, his sister, his wife, his daughter, or his lady friend. The effect is really marvelous in making us see and eagerly sympathize with the ambitions and pleasures of the fond father who is a popular alderman and saloon-keeper, the clerk in the department store or candy-shop, the fireman and the commercial traveler. The Auditorium and the Art Institute and Lincoln Park belong to them as to others, though they live on Clark Street or dearly love musical compositions ranging in feeling from the "Douglas Two-Step" to "The Storm in the Alps. All the people in the book are happy except Margaret Alden and Paul Haviland, and they belong to the order that prizes its own unhappiness above any pleasure accessible to the common mind. All the people these two and a few friends excepted, do their duty without knowing it from an every-day delight and, unawares, make Chicago seem a more attractive place than ever before, even in the time of the World's Fair. The book is unusually attractive to the eye and a genuine refreshment to the spirit.

(New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.)

❦ ❦

Responsive Readings, Henry Van Dyke. This series of responsive readings, originally prepared for the Chapel of Harvard University by Dr. Van Dyke, consists of selections from all parts of the Bible arranged under subjects suitable for common worship. The two hundred selections are grouped to illustrate such subjects as Universal Praise, God's Goodness, God's Mercy, The Spirit of Life, Courage and Hope, Service and Reward, The Risen Life, and others of kindred character, making twenty in all. It has been the intention to make each selection not "a mosaic of disconnected passages," but a presentation, complete in itself, of some great religious truth adapted to instruction or potent to feed the springs of faith. The imprecatory Psalms have been omitted. Wherever antiphonal reading is desired, this pleasant service book should be welcome.

(Boston: Ginn and Company.)

Short Courses of Reading, C. T. Winchester. To the general reader who does not feel sufficient unto himself to find the most pleasing and profitable royal road through the vast domain we call English Literature and to the Reading Club that does not too greatly aspire to do profound and exhaustive study, this modest little book offers a genuine service. The *belles lettres* of our literature from the Elizabethan period to the present time are grouped in five courses which may be covered in a year's study. Suggestions as to characteristic work or selections from them are given, also judicious lists of biographical and critical references. Following each course are blank pages for the reader's comments or lists of additional references. Test questions selected from examination papers set for college classes furnish him a standard by which he may pass judgment on the quantity and quality of information he has made his own in each course.

(Boston: Ginn and Company.)

❦ ❦

The Second Book of Birds, Olive Thorn Miller. Instruction and entertainment are inseparably mingled in every chapter of this book, which treats of some thirty-four families of North American birds, explaining first what constitutes a bird family and then how each of the thirty-four may be told from the others. Eastern, Western, and Southern members of these families are represented and described in case variety of traits has been developed from the common type. Delightful personal anecdotes are told of birds that have adopted human friends or permitted their pretty ways to be studied in the field or forest. Eight beautiful colored plates and sixteen other full-page illustrations accompany the text.

(Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

ALICE E. HANSCOM.

❦ ❦

Three New Biographies. Ulysses S. Grant, Lewis and Clark, and John Marshall are the men considered in numbers seven, eight and nine of the Riverside Biographical Series, the authors of the three volumes being Walter Allen, W. R. Lighton, and James B. Thayer, respectively. The little

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books form an interesting trio for simultaneous issue as they present striking types of the American military hero, the pioneer in Western civilization, and the United States Justice—each of the examples given being associated with the story of our country in times of rapid history-making. The authors have done good work in abridging longer biographies and autobiographies, the main facts to be remembered in the lives of these men being clearly brought out and judiciously detailed within the compass of one hundred and sixty pages for each volume.

(Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.) The Helman-Taylor Company, Cleveland.)

The Southern Poets, Selected and Edited by Wm. L. Weber. This dainty little volume in its Levant binding has been sent out in the belief that "there will be a demand for such a book wherever there is a desire to study American literature," and is therefore arranged for use as a school text book. But it is also a most acceptable volume for any library, as the twenty-five poets from whose writings selections are given are all men of whom the entire country is proud, including such names as Edgar Allen Poe, Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne and Francis Scott Key. The short biographical sketches and critical notes are of interest, bringing out items and comments especially valuable for both student and general reader.

(New York: The Macmillan Company. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland.)

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Loring, Mattie B. "The Stranger."

Burdick, Lewis D. "Foundation Rites."

Cone, John A. "A Musical Reformation."

Davis, Kate. "A Perilous Path."

Elshemus, L. M. Poetical Works.

Munyon, Dora H. Half Hour Stories.

Harkins, James W., Jr. "A Prince of the East."

Kaven, E. Thomas. "From Clouds to Sunshine."

Muir, Law. "A Woman's Revenge."

Lee, J. F. "Octavia, the Octoroon."

Seltzer, Charles A. "The Council of Three."

Stone, Isabel S. "The Little Crusaders."

Sheppard, Antoinette. "The Heroine of Santiago."

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Munyon, Dora H. "Dolinda and the Twins."

Middleton, E. "The Doomed Turk."

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Field, Elaine L. "A Romance in Meditation."

Hamilton, Sam. A. "The Vengeance of the Mob."

Munoz, Anita C. "In Love and Truth."

Root, "Frederick S. "What is the Matter With the Church?"

Love, Margaret B. "Tom Huston's Transformation."

Morris, Mrs. James E. "The Travels of a Water Drop."

Wilson, Abbie O. "The White Man's Chance."

Smirnow, Louis. "A Candle Light."

Martin, Amarala. "A Feather's Weight."

Muzzy, Alice M. "Three Fair Philanthropists."

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AROUND THE TABLE.

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS.

I'd been searching through the "blue-books" and the brown,
The musty parish records of the town,
"Who's Who," "What's What," some other works like that,
And hoary scrolls of Revolutionary fame—
I'd been looking for a great ancestral name
To adorn my family tree with the ancient pedigree
Of plain John Smith;
When my eye fell on a newly printed tract—
By Smithsonian Institution late redact—
That told me how in Java on a downy bed of Lava
They had found a great forefather of John Smith—
It beats me how they knew his name was Pith—
"*Pithecanthropus Erectus, menschenähnliche* (protect us!)
Uebergangsform aus Java."
Of course I knew that I had distant cousins,
Chimpanzees, apes, and monkeys, by the dozens—
Hylobates and Simia, Anthropopithecus' Gorilla—
Yet a nexus had been missing in the chain
When I tried to join those branches to the main;
But in deep lapilli stratum, a tufa bed, (berate 'em!)
Now they've found the missing link.
A fossil skull, two molars, and a femur
Are all that's left of Pith; yet what a tremor
Slides down my vertebrae when this hominidae
Grins at me from a photographic plate!
By Jove! old chap, I think it's rather late
To make the tour terrestrial when you've kept the road celestial
Since the early pliocene.
You'll find some changes doubtless on this planet
Since skull and femur both congealed to granite.
Twenty thousand generations of your filial blood relations
Have shown a slight divergence from the type,
An enlargement like a pumpkin ere it's ripe,
A sensible extension of cranial dimension,
In other words, swelled head.
You set the pace in Java long ago
When you chose a larger hat—don't you know?—
Than any earlier primate of all that torrid climate,
And the force of bad example had its way,
So heads have gone on growing 'till our day.—
The future? Do not ask it! 'Twill take a bushel basket
Some day to make a hat.

JOHN SMITH, Homo.

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AFTER THE STRIKE.

THE countenance of the president of the Universal Mineral Trust wore a pensive look. He had just won his great victory over the International Federation of Labor in a strike that had lasted seven long months, during which time the united labor unions of the entire world had contended with the consolidated capital of the earth, amid scenes of great suffering and not a little disorder that had torn the heart-strings and tried the patience of people of all nationalities, until in sheer desperation the workingmen had surrendered. The president was not elated over this victory; the struggle had caused too much woe, and misery while it lasted even for his, not too acute, sensibilities. He had worn an air of dejection ever since, not so much from pain as from *ennui*. There really seemed to be nothing more to strive for. He had achieved the summit of his ambition. All the mineral industries of the world were consolidated in the corporation of which he was the supreme head, and all other industries were of necessity tributary to it. But after all what was such a success worth? He was himself a slave to habit, and life was still a good deal of a bore.

He had just reached this conclusion when his private secretary handed in the cards of two strangers, the visitor from Mars and the traveler from the moon. He was expecting them, and though he was not deeply interested in their mission, he told his secretary to show them in. The errand of the two visitors was quickly attended to, but business was not very pressing, and handing each a cigar, the president invited them to give their impressions of life on the earth. The visitor from Mars was the first to speak.

"Life on the earth," he said, "is curiously like what it must have been on Mars some thousands of years ago if our histories tell the truth. You are just at the beginning of the era of industrial organization which has reached with us a much more advanced stage of progress—which indeed reached the culmination of its progress many centuries ago; and, the organization of all industries on the planet having been completed, social and industrial forces have been in a state of equilibrium ever since. This little corporation of yours is called—let me see! —the Universal Mineral Trust; has a capital of six trillions, and pays its president a salary of a billion per annum—am I right? That is quite handsome I must confess—for a company so recently organized and of such limited powers. Now on Mars we have long since ceased to compute in money. All property and all industries are controlled by the General Land and Water Trust, or Company, which owns the planet. The president? Well, that precise title is not known on Mars; but his sublime Majesty, the supreme ruler of the trust, and incidentally of the planet, sets aside one-fourth of all the earnings of the company for his personal benefit. One-half the earnings is divided among the shareholders, who are the hereditary nobles of Mars, and the balance suffices for the wants of the remaining inhabitants, all of whom are employees of the trust."

"A very equitable arrangement, I should say," remarked the president of the Universal Mineral Trust: "but," he added gloomily, "it wouldn't work here. We couldn't keep them alive on that."

"True, true," assented the visitor, "but with us the science of dietetics has progressed much farther than with you, and the precise amount of solid and liquid nourishment which will keep a Martian alive and at his maximum of working energy is understood, and that exact portion, together with indispensable clothing, constitutes the Martian's daily wage, with which he is forced to be content, of course, unless he wishes to step off the planet."

"And you have no labor strikes or unions or lock-outs or anything of that kind on Mars?"

"Of course not. How should we? Those evils belong to the competitive system from which you have not wholly escaped on the earth;—but you're improving; you'll grow up to the Martian level some day. That little fiction of yours about the possessor of a square foot of the earth's surface owning the soil below to the center of the earth and

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Life Insurance in Force,	109,019,851.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS,	$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Departments), (3½ basis)	2,484,392.52
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the air above to the limits of the atmosphere is admirable. It will do the work, it will do the work,—more slowly perhaps, but almost as surely as our rain monopoly did it."

"Your rain monopoly? Tell me about that."

"Ah! don't you know? Your astronomers have been studying the 'canals' of Mars so long I thought they had probably solved the mystery before this. Those 'canals,' which have been so diligently studied, are, as you have surmised, broad bands of fertile lands, but they are not fertilized by irrigating canals as your people seem to think—that would be too primitive, even if it were not impossible. The process is much simpler and therefore more scientific. You have made some progress in studying the solar spectrum, I believe, and are familiar with the bright and dark lines of the visible spectrum and the warm and cold bands of the invisible. You know also the seasonal changes in these bands and their connection with precipitation. It was long ago discovered by our meteorologists that artificial refrigeration of the atmosphere would produce local rains, and that this effect was much enhanced if the refrigeration was prolonged in parallel straight lines of about the number and relative distance of the cold bands in the invisible spectrum. A company was formed to take advantage of this discovery, although its purposes and methods of work were for a long time kept secret. It purchased strips of land north and south and east and west of a central station, where it established its works. Here the manufacture of liquid air was carried on on a large scale. A set of tubes, about seven hundred in number, was erected at a fixed elevation and carried in straight parallel lines over this land north, south, east and west. When the liquid air was forced through these tubes the surrounding air was chilled and precipitation began. It continued as long as the liquid air remained in the pipes, and ceased when it was withdrawn. The problem of artificially producing rain at will was solved and the land owned by the company increased enormously in value. This increased value was capitalized, new land purchased, and the works extended. Other similar corporations were organized; they prospered and multiplied until soon Mars was covered with a net work of tubes, and the inevitable rain trust was formed—the General Land and Water Company—which now owns the planet. There was one unforeseen result of this wholesale production of artificial rain: it absorbed all the moisture in the atmosphere and rain never again fell on any land except that owned by the company. This produced great hardships at first—terrible famines with enormous mortality; but gradually the population adjusted itself to the new condition, and now all the inhabitants of Mars are employees of the trust. It was the most successful "squeeze" on record. The monopoly of rain, of arable land, and of the food supply quickly enabled the trust to absorb all property and to reduce its employees to—ah!—feudal conditions, and this is now the constitution of Martian society: One supreme head of the company and ruler of the planet and about one million shareholders and hereditary nobles, each of whom receives a handsome income from the stock and rules a certain number of servants who are his chattels. The remainder of the population are the property of the trust; they are allowed just sufficient rest and food to keep them at the highest degree of efficiency as workers, and all that they produce belongs to the stockholders of the trust, the gentry and nobility of Mars, a most excellent order of superior and cultivated beings, of which, in fact, I chance to be a member."

"A convenient arrangement—a very convenient arrangement," sighed the president, "but I fear we are a long way removed from such a state of things on the earth."

There was a short silence and then the visitor from the moon spoke up. "I have been interested in what I have just listened to," he remarked, "and in fact in all that I have seen and heard since I have been upon the earth. I have been especially struck with the different means employed for arriving at the same ends among the different planets in the solar system. Here on earth a monopoly of minerals has been formed by a company which bids fair to own the entire planet in a few score years. On Mars a rain-

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monopoly has already accomplished what the inhabitants of earth are only striving to bring about; while with us, the same end was long ago achieved through a monopoly of air."

"A monopoly of air?" chimed in both the others, "that is a novelty. Tell us about it."

"That is simple enough," replied the visitor from the moon. "Your astronomers long ago remarked the absence of an atmosphere on the moon; but you utterly failed to guess the agency which brought it about. Many centuries before air was reduced to a liquid state upon the earth, a process was invented by a celebrated lunar physicist for reducing the atmosphere to a compact and permanently solid state. He was a man of discretion, however, and did not trumpet his discovery abroad. He merely set to work to build a great engine, operated by solar energy, for the conversion of the moon"s atmosphere into solid masses, which he stored in a huge cavern that opened on his premises. The inhabitants of the moon were much mystified by his actions and asked many questions as to the meaning of his singular operations, but he gave evasive replies. Several times he was haled before a magistrate and examined as to his sanity; but he was always able to give such a clear account of himself in every particular save the meaning of his peculiar industry that he was soon released and immediately resumed operations as before. By and by our meteorologists noticed a progressive change in the density of the atmosphere, which excited much comment and some apprehension, but for which no adequate cause could be found. A prolonged drouth set in and what was once a fertile and beautiful planet became in many places bleak and desolate. Famine increased, became chronic, and gradually decimated the population; but still no adequate cause was found, and still the solar engine continued its deadly work. Cardiac disease increased enormously among the people and thousands died of heart affections who had thus far escaped the famine. Asthma became epidemic and nearly the whole population were gasping for air, half suffocated by the growing rarity of the atmosphere. At this juncture the celebrated physicist, whose solar engine had worked all the mischief, announced a remedy for cardiac and asthmatic difficulties, which became at once immensely popular and successful. A rubber bag containing particles of solidified air was attached to the person in such a way that the heat of the body would gradually dissolve its contents. A tube led from the bag to a valve just beneath the nostrils and thus the patient was provided with a constant supply of cool, delicious draughts of fresh air. Once the remedy was made known the demand for it became enormous. Fabulous wealth rolled in upon the physicist. He was able to charge what prices he pleased, and to capitalize his stock of solidified air at half the property valuation of the entire satellite. He organized an immense stock company, issued shares to a limited number of men of influence, who spread the investment among their friends, and so gradually built up a giant corporation which now owns all the property on the moon and has reduced the inhabitants to absolute subjection to and dependence on the will of the trust. No one could live a day there without his bag of solidified air, no agriculture could be carried on without first fertilizing the soil with solid air—so that all wealth is at present computed in ounces of solid air, which are relatively far more valuable than ounces of pure gold upon the earth."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the president of the Universal Mineral Trust, "I am greatly indebted to you for the valuable information you have both so generously imparted to me; but I must beg of you not to say a word of it to any being on the earth. I will call a meeting of our directors immediately, and I have no doubt they will empower me to begin negotiations through you for the consolidation of our three trusts; and then by a happy combination of the methods of all three we shall be able to create the most powerful corporation in the solar system, if not in the universe."

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PUBLISHER'S

ITH the SEPTEMBER number **Modern Culture Magazine** begins its fourteenth volume and the second year of its publication under the new title and its present management. Its past and present high standard of excellence will not be lowered in the future; but the success already achieved in its special field has encouraged the publishers to persist in their determination to give for **One Dollar** a magazine not surpassed in **quality** by any four-dollar publication on the market. This is **Modern Culture's** distinctive aim, and how well it has been fulfilled the following partial list of contributors gives evidence:

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ANNOUNCEMENT

KIND WORDS.

Will you allow me to say that I greatly like the work that you are doing on MODERN CULTURE? The work of editing a magazine like MODERN CULTURE seems to me one of the most glorious to which man can set his head and heart and hand, and I congratulate you upon the great opportunity open to you and also upon the way in which you are filling it.

Believe me very truly yours,
CHAS. F THWING,
Prest. Western Reserve University.

Good wishes for the success of your magazine, and congratulations upon your skill in keeping every vestige of the "cheap publication" away from what I consider the best dollar magazine in the country.
MARION HARLAND.

You have succeeded in making of MODERN CULTURE a rare combination of the instructive and the entertaining. You present the serious problems of life in a manner that attracts and holds the reader.
CHAS. W. CHESNUTT.

I have read your article on "The Lawyer and the Corporation" with great delight and will have it read aloud to the young men who are endeavoring to learn something of jurisprudence under my tuition.
J. PROCTER KNOTT,
Dean of Law School,
Danville, Ky.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have so genuinely liked that article of yours about me that appeared in MODERN CULTURE, that I must send you a line to tell you so. You have recognized what I was *trying* to *be* and to *do*—no matter how far I have come short in both respects. Let me thank you heartily.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

So much depends upon the timeliness of an article. I hope to see Mrs. Wilson's sketch of Life in the Philippines—in which we are all interested—very soon.
DEAN C. WORCESTER,
U. S. Philippine Commission,
Manila, P. I.

July 10, 1900.

I wonder if you will permit me to tell you that today I bought my first copy of MODERN CULTURE, and that it is the only American magazine I have met that I care to send to my daughters in France. Please keep it always so good. You have your world and people will come to you. Believe me, unknown, unknowing, but faithfully yours,
KATHARINE ARMSTRONG,
London, England.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 21, 1900.

After considerable delay, I have finally received a sample copy of MODERN CULTURE. I am delighted with the appearance and contents of the magazine under its new management. It will be placed on our counters and I shall take a special interest in introducing it to our customers.
W. S. LEWIS,
Mgr. Book Department,
Strawbridge & Clothier.

Your title is happily chosen. It states so clearly and concisely the purpose of the magazine. It has been a pleasure to note in the successive issues of the months past how consistently and successfully you have held to this high purpose of promoting the broader and stronger education, the more unselfish view needed to meet the conditions of the social and business life of today.
WILLIAM H. BRETT,
Librarian, Cleveland Public Library.

MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE is exceedingly good and shows a distinct advance in the quality of its features and pictures. It is unquestionably a success as a magazine output of the Middle West.
LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

May 10, 1901, CEBU, PHILIPPINES.

Your magazine gives entire satisfaction to the subscribers here and in England who receive it on my order.
J. SIDEBOTTOM.

Thanks for April number of MODERN CULTURE, which is brimful of interest, piquancy, and charm. The May number seems to give still greater promise of good things.
SARAH DENTON WILSON,
Washington, D. C.

I have been observing with interest the increasing breadth and richness of contents of your magazine, especially since it changed its name.
RAYMOND DURBIN MILLER,
Johns Hopkins University.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITOR "MODERN CULTURE MAGAZINE":

Dear Sir:—The July number of MODERN CULTURE to hand and read with interest. It is, if possible, an improvement on its predecessors. Its pages are replete with precisely what should be in every home. It is a credit to the management. Those departments devoted to Current Events and Literary Topics are particularly valuable and interesting. The editorial on Chinese missionaries is an education. I trust these departments will be permanent features of the magazine. The illustrations are excellent, well chosen, and neither too many nor too few—just right.

Wishing MODERN CULTURE the continued success so richly merited, I am, sincerely,
E. PERCIVAL BAKER.

Permit me to say that in my estimate no other magazine has advanced in the past year so much as MODERN CULTURE has, in literary standards and in general attractiveness. Yours sincerely,
LEONORA BECK ELLIS,
Atlanta, Ga.

I am much pleased with MODERN CULTURE. It is a high class magazine and would easily take first place among ten-cent magazines. The matter is good, the workmanship up-to-date, the whole making a bright magazine that may be read both for profit and pleasure.
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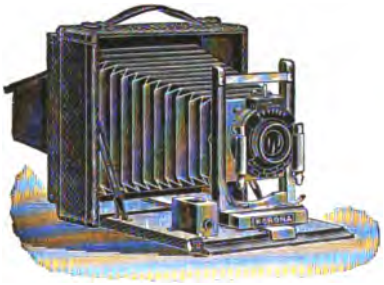

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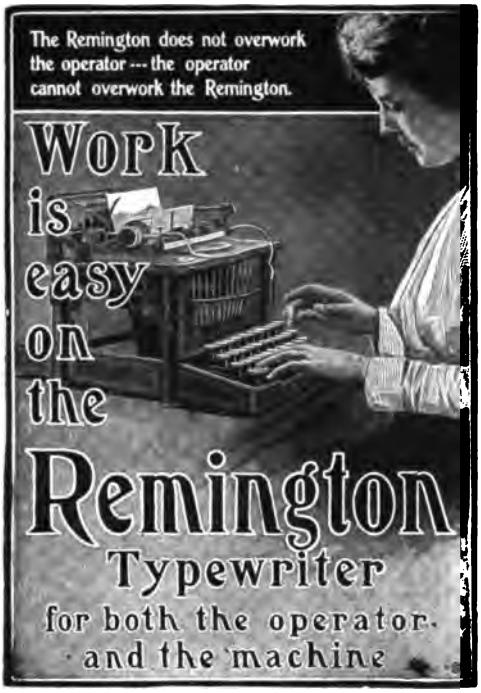
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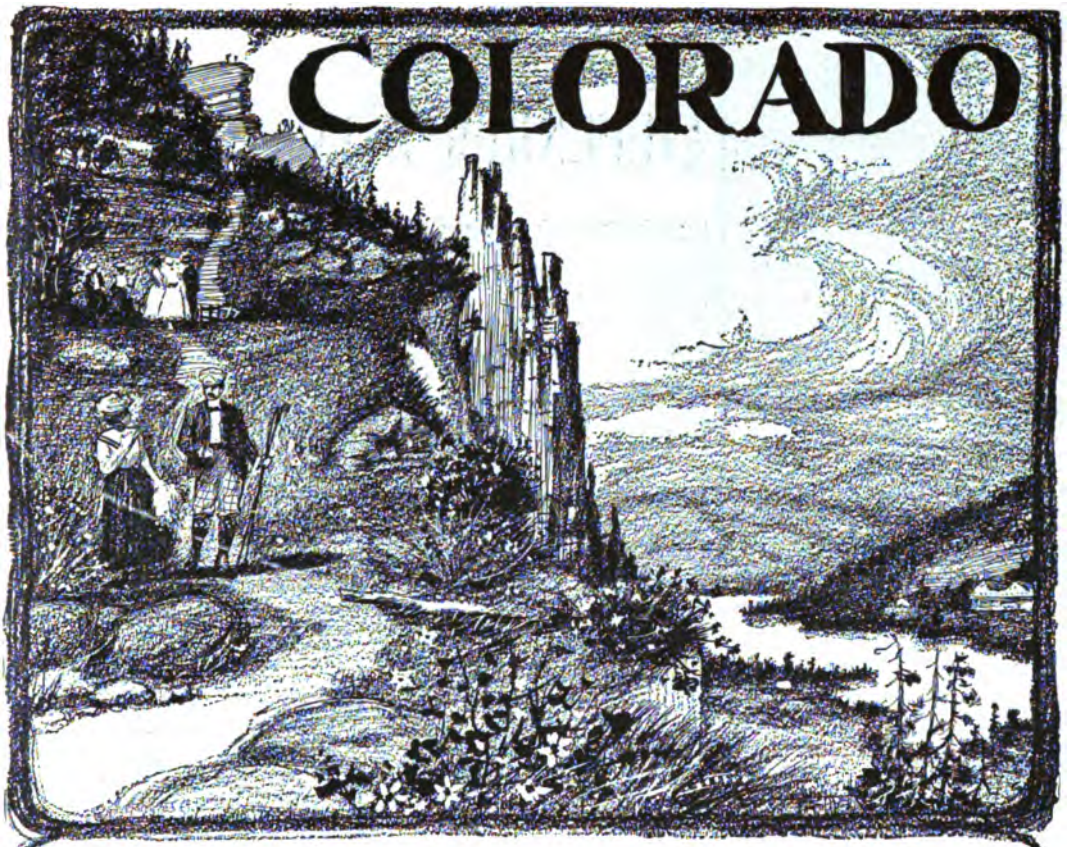

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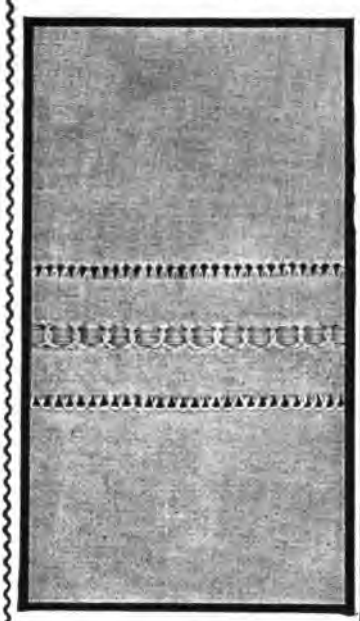

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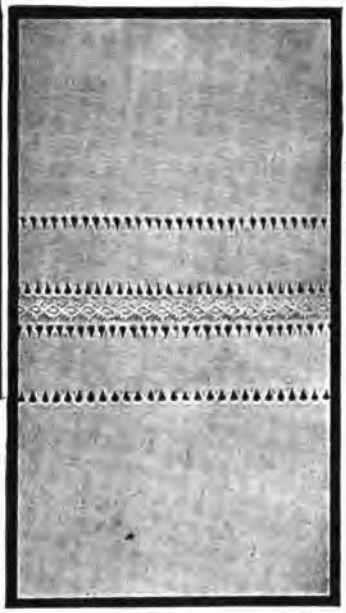

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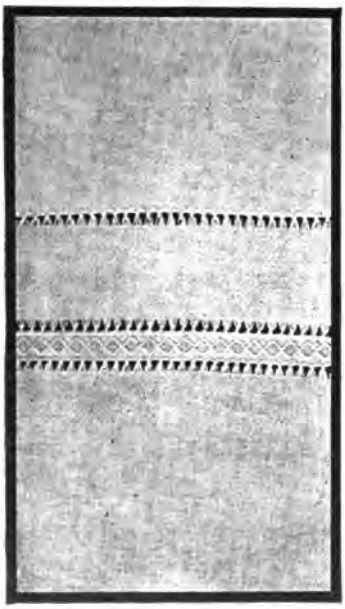

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